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The Shape of Things

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PROSPECTS AT LIMA FOR ANTI-FASCIST UNITY in the Western Hemisphere are difficult to appraise at this writing. In the formal opening speeches President Benavides of Peru, Foreign Minister Cantilo of Argentina, and Secretary Hull paid tribute to the ideals of democracy and warned against the incursion of totalitarian philosophy. Each made it clear that amity among the American states does not necessarily mean isolation from the rest of the world. But the difficulty of achieving an effective mutual pact to resist fascist penetration is indicated by the formation of a bloc headed by Argentina to oppose solidarity plans that might provoke German economic reprisals—it also indicates how real the fascist penetration is. It appears doubtful whether Argentina would accept, even in modified form, the plan proposed by Venezuela for immediate consultation and common action in the event that an American nation is attacked by a non-American power. For years Argentina has been bitter in its opposition to effective pan-American union. Reinforcing this traditional opposition is the fact that the present Argentine government is conservative, pro-Franco in its sympathies, and inclined to look askance at too close cooperation with anti-fascist countries like Mexico and Chile. The United States, occupying a middle ground politically, is in a position to mediate between these extremes. The outcome at Lima will depend largely on the skill and restraint with which our delegation discharges this responsibility.

*

THE INVITATION TO ANTHONY EDEN extended by the National Association of Manufacturers turned out splendidly for all concerned save those liberals who looked to the former Foreign Secretary for a bold lead in defense of democracy. Mr. Chamberlain gave his blessing to the enterprise, and his faith was not destroyed by as much as one embarrassing phrase in a long but completely vacuous speech. Mr. Eden himself has had a pleasant trip to America, including a preview of the World's Fair, and has opened the way for his return to the Cabinet—whenever Hitler gives the O. K. The post

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of Dominions Secretary, which calls for dignity rather than authority, is still vacant. The manufacturers may have felt they did not receive much meat for their money, but at least they obtained good publicity. Moreover, Mr. Eden's speech toned in admirably with the vaguely liberal sweetness which pervaded the convention. It is alleged that fierce struggles went on in the Resolutions Committee before the annual program could be drafted, and this is borne out by the innocuous generalizations which finally emerged. We may be unduly suspicious of the emphasis during the convention on "social service" and a "new sense of responsibility." But more specific evidence is necessary before we are convinced that the N. A. M. has experienced a change of heart and not merely adopted a change in tactics.

✳

FATHER COUGHLIN'S BLATANT DISTORTIONS have brought out a series of exposures and repudiations from sources which even he cannot dismiss as "Communist." An Episcopal clergyman tracks down, in this week's *Nation,* his misstatements on the Jews and reveals that the source of his chief canard is not a supposed British White Paper but a scurrilous anti-Semitic sheet issued by the Nazis from Erfurt. In last Sunday's broadcast the radio priest completely distorted an article in the B'nai B'rith *National Jewish Monthly* for June, 1938. Father Coughlin said the Jews in Bridgeport and Cleveland persuaded the schools to "stop Easter and Christmas practices which had proved embarrassing to Jewish children." The fact is not that the "practices" were "stopped" but that Jewish children were excused from religious services in the schools at Easter and Christmas. Finally Father Coughlin misrepresents the attitude of his own church. Cardinal Mundelein, recently returned from a visit to the Pope, has issued a statement declaring that Coughlin does not "represent the doctrine or sentiments of the church." Other Catholics are speaking up against his effort to spread anti-Semitism: Alfred E. Smith, at a dinner of the Xavier Alumni Sodality in New York; the *Commonweal,* in an editorial attacking his "all too pious acceptance of propaganda from a party whose Führer proudly boasts his machine is based on huge lies"; and Frank J. Hogan, head of the American Bar Association, in a radio broadcast warning that "one hate breeds another." Mr. Hogan quoted Pope Pius's statement, "We are Semites, spiritually." That is the Nazi objection to Catholicism. Maybe Father Coughlin shares it.

✳

THE McKESSON AND ROBBINS AFFAIR SHOWS that Wall Street is still unsafe for the investor. This corporation, long established and hitherto highly respected, is one of the largest units in the drug manufacturing and wholesale trade, with its latest balance sheet indicating assets of some $75,000,000. It was supposed to be operating on a profitable basis when, without warning, suit was filed in Hartford for the appointment of receivers. Subsequent investigation has shown that one large department, trading in crude drugs, had overstated its assets by at least $10,000,000. It appears that huge inventories existed only on paper, that warehouses supposed to contain these inventories were fictitious, and that associated Canadian firms, of doubtful authenticity, depended for their credit on forged Dun and Bradstreet reports. In the words of one of the directors, Wilbur L. Cummings, "the facts are so fantastic that we still can't believe them." What is even more fantastic, this department was apparently able to pursue its extraordinary career, under the direct supervision of the President, F. Donald Coster, without the knowledge of the board or discovery by the auditors. We hope that the investigation which the SEC has instituted will probe to the very bottom of this scandal. But it should do more than that. This case is one more proof of the need for strengthening the law in regard to the auditing of corporation accounts. The SEC should seize this opportunity to formulate proposals insuring stockholders the protection of a wholly independent audit.

✳

ALTHOUGH THE SUPREME COURT ON MONday again refused to grant Tom Mooney habeas corpus and declined to review an anti-labor decision by the Fifth Federal Circuit Court of Appeals, it covered itself with honor by upholding the right of a Negro to enter a state law school. This particular decision affects the University of Missouri but establishes a precedent for the fifteen other states that segregate black students from white. McReynolds and Butler disgraced themselves by a dissent in which they put forward the extraordinary view that to end Jim Crowism would "damnify both races."

✳

ON TWO FRONTS THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER Guild is challenging the press lords, whose chief consistency is that they practice the anti-labor doctrines which they preach. Since October 1 a remarkably effective strike has shut down the newspapers of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. Although all the familiar paraphernalia of strike-breaking has been invoked, culminating in the formation of a typical "Citizens' Committee," one defection from the publishers' united front has already occurred. The intervention by national officials of the A. F. of L. in precipitating timely "jurisdictional disputes" has not undermined the strike, but has brought a rebuke from local A. F. of L. leaders. An even more impressive demonstration of the Guild's maturing strength has occurred in Chicago. Some months ago the Guild unit of Hearst's *Herald-Examiner* and *American* in that city was virtually dormant, its militancy—and finally its membership—destroyed by systematic reprisals. It was patiently recon-

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structed; but as its influence mounted, a new campaign of terrorization began in the form of dismissals, company unions, and fake jurisdictional conflicts in which the A. F. of L. was a candid partner. Since last January, when contracts were signed by Hearst, the Guild has charged eighty-seven violations of the pact. Its strike call was supported by a majority of editorial, business, and circulation workers, and a precipitous decline in the papers' circulation is already apparent. In both Wilkes-Barre and Chicago the strikers' demands are eminently reasonable, a fact which most newspapers will prefer not to mention.

✶

DALADIER'S VICTORY IN THE CHAMBER WAS a logical result of the French Premier's anti-labor stand in the one-day general strike. The division was strictly along class lines. Socialists and Communists voted to a man against the government, while the entire right and center, with a few minor exceptions, rallied to the Premier's support. That the right should find it necessary to defend the Premier on the strike issue is self-evident. But it is difficult to believe that Daladier's triumph is more than temporary. For no Premier in recent French history has shown such incapacity to rule. Daladier has now been in power for some eight months. During this period he has not only betrayed one of France's closest friends but in the process has succeeded in destroying the keystone of France's security, its system of alliances in Central and Eastern Europe. On top of this, his closing of the French-Spanish frontier has placed a fascist power at the country's back door and threatened its communications with its colonies. As a direct result of his policy, France has been subjected to the indignity of unprecedented Italian demands for Tunisia and other French territory. And, finally, Daladier has so mishandled domestic policy as to bring the nation to the brink of civil war. To offset these major defeats, Daladier has only a dubious promise from Hitler to respect the Franco-German frontier, and a renewed promise of British support. Reports that members of Daladier's own party are projecting a new ministry, ranging from Blum to Reynaud, sound authentic. His best friends must wish him well out of his blundering.

✶

ARITA'S STATEMENT FORMALLY CLOSING the open door in China, and Manchoukuo's new discrimination against Western trade seem finally to have awakened Great Britain and the United States to the need of action. On the theory that the best way to check continuing Japanese encroachment on the continent lies in helping the Chinese to defend themselves, the British government is considering an advance of export credits to China. While the proposed credits would be purely commercial, they would be of indirect military value. The summoning of Ambassador Nelson T. Johnson from Chungking suggests that President Roosevelt has not yet fully made up his mind as to the proper course for the United States to adopt in the face of Japan's challenge. A substantial loan to China would undoubtedly be the most effective reply. But it would be the height of folly to advance such a loan while we continue to furnish Japan with war materials and foreign exchange to destroy the investment we are making. This contradiction in policy could be avoided if the President would utilize the power granted him under Section 338 of the Tariff Act to embargo imports from countries which flagrantly discriminate against American trade.

✶

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF *LIBERTY* PUBLISHED in *The Nation* two weeks ago has produced a number of protests, of which two representative examples are printed on page 675. Our critics object to our acceptance of an advertisement for so reactionary a magazine as *Liberty*, particularly when its purpose is to draw attention to an article by Max Eastman, whose criticisms of Stalinism are absurdly regarded in some quarters as indicating his adherence to fascism. It should be superfluous to remark that *The Nation* regards the policies of *Liberty* with abhorrence. The advertisement in question was a stupid piece of sensationalism, and the article it publicized as unworthy of Eastman as it was worthy of its publisher. But this does not affect the main issue. *The Nation* refuses to combine the practice of censorship with the preaching of free speech. Those who would have it do so claim, we are sure, to be fervent defenders of American democracy. We would suggest they can best defend it by being democratic even to the extent of permitting the circulation of views they regard as blasphemy. As Jefferson declared in his inaugural address, "Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it."

✶

ANTHONY EDEN'S SPEECH BEFORE THE N. A. M. was the most sustained flight into the higher platitudes ever praised by the New York *Times*. . . . The Paris Council has halted a move to rename a street rue Chamberlain. The French can rue Chamberlain without naming a street after him. . . . A publisher who recently received a wire from one of his regular authors asking "How long is a novel?" wired back somewhat casually, "About a hundred thousand words." Whereupon he received another wire saying, "Then I'm through, thank God." Let us hope the happy ending got in under the wire. . . . A man in the Bronx who tried to get across the street by crawling under a horse's belly was badly kicked. Chamberlain didn't succeed either. . . . If King Carol has enough Nazis shot while escaping he may yet achieve his ambition for "A Rumania of One's Own." . . . Program note for a Japanese bombing of Chinese civilians three months hence: Shrapnel from Sixth Avenue El, New York, U. S. A.

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The Axis Strained

EVENTS of the past week in Europe suggest that the Berlin-Rome axis, while far from broken, has become slightly buckled; so that the two ends no longer rotate in strict unison. The demonstration of the Italian deputies demanding Tunis, Corsica, and Savoy, followed by the intensive press campaign against France, must be read as a sign of Mussolini's anxiety lest his Munich services go quite unrewarded. It was his method of serving notice that the new Roman Empire was not prepared to stagnate while the Third Reich went forward triumphantly.

Despite all the uproar nobody seems to have been terribly impressed. The German government gave no open countenance to the Italian agitation and proceeded to sign its *pacte de convenance* with France unperturbed. The French showed their resentment but did not take the Roman threats over seriously. Mr. Chamberlain, naturally, accepted the explanation that the outburst was "unofficial" but reminded Mussolini that the recently signed Anglo-Italian agreement provided for the maintenance of the status quo in the Mediterranean.

Italy's misfortune is that it cannot expand without directly challenging French and British interests, and cannot risk starting a war unless absolutely assured of German support. This means that Mussolini must accommodate himself to the plans of Hitler, who has several possible moves open before he need provoke a direct clash with the Western powers. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the Italian uproar is being damped down and the demands on France represented as no more than the prelude to a deal from which minor concessions, such as a reduction in the Suez Canal tolls, are expected.

Germany's reluctance to underwrite Italian ambitions in a big way can easily be explained by developments in Eastern Europe. After Munich the Nazi government appeared to hesitate about its next theater of operations. Should it push hardest against the East or the West? A colonial kite sent up to test British and French reactions produced rather disappointing results, and the disgust of England at the Jewish pogrom suggested that too hard a push in that direction might deprive the Reich of the invaluable services of Mr. Chamberlain.

Meanwhile, although the fruits of Munich were ripening nicely in the Danube valley, there were indications that the harvest ought not to be delayed too long. Possibly King Carol, by his ruthless adaptation of Nazi methods, has already interfered with the schedule. The *Frankfurter Zeitung* has stated that Codreanu had given the signal for an outbreak shortly before he died, like better men before him, "while attempting to escape." The subsequent fury of the Nazi press suggests that this fatality interfered with plans rather seriously.

But if Rumania is proving recalcitrant, other projects are shaping smoothly. The Nazification of Memel is practically complete, and together with Danzig it can be assimilated at any opportune moment. Preparatory moves toward the "liberation" of the Ukraine are developing with the obedient cooperation of Czechoslovakia. Prague is becoming a center for irredentist propaganda, and Ruthenia is reported to be full of German officers and engineers surveying its possibilities as a jumping-off point. The gravity of these movements is best measured by their repercussions in Warsaw. Rapidly the Poles are being pushed toward the choice which Beck's tortuous diplomacy has striven for years to avoid. Either they must accept the overlordship of Germany and assist its eastern drive or they must ally themselves with Russia.

With these irons heating nicely, it is hardly surprising that Germany should have no fire to spare for boiling Mussolini's pot, or that the axis should show signs of strain. But this does not mean that a break is near. The Duce cannot afford to renounce his partner in crime. He can only wait patiently for a chance to blackmail him.

Cultures in Exile

THE springs of culture run deep and are not easily dried up. But the plight of the refugee cultures of our time must have the aid of the civilizations that remain free if they are to survive, as ends in themselves and as powerful instruments for the eventual liberation of the German and Italian peoples. During the past five years the great Goebbels, disappointed novelist and political gangster, has brought the arts within Germany down to his own level. It was the Nazi hope, no doubt, that the "degenerate" culture of the republic, diverted from its native course, would sink without a trace in alien fields. Instead, there grew up in Europe a considerable exile press with German markets in Austria, Switzerland, Holland, and Czechoslovakia. As a result, German literature in exile, comprising as it does the major German talents of this century, has been able to maintain itself; it stands today as *the* German culture despite five years of exile; it has become not less but, if anything, more vital; and the creative mechanism being what it is, the very tragedy of exile, acting as a new infusion, may well produce a refugee literature that will be one of the important contributions of our age.

The same might be said of Italian literature, with interesting variations. In an article in *The Nation* in April, 1937, entitled Rhetoric—or Life, Ignazio Silone pointed out that modern Italian literature, because of its bondage, long antedating the fascist regime, in an upper-class, cap-and-motley tradition, was singularly poor in original living work; that to come alive it must cross the frontier between rhetoric and living art. "For an Italian writer,"

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he concluded, "that means going to prison or into exile. It means something else: . . . changing class." Silone long ago crossed the frontier. And the vitality of his own work in exile bears out his thesis. Yet though he writes in Italian it is the last language in which his books appear—a fact which poses sharply the problem here under discussion.

Many a writer in exile has become the loyal citizen of another country whose language and life he wishes to adopt as his own. Yet all the more he feels an obligation to keep his native language alive against the time when the fascist night shall end. And on that score he faces a serious problem in the curtailment of the audience without which he cannot function. Italian exiles have been confronted from the first with this problem; and today German writers find their markets seriously reduced by the destruction of Austria and Czechoslovakia.

The solution of this, as of most problems today, lies with America, since it has a German- and Italian-speaking population more than sufficient to provide the audiences without which cultures must die.

As far as German literature is concerned, various projects are already under way which deserve support. The American Guild for the Defense of German Cultural Freedom, formed some years ago, has subsidized the work of exiled authors and scholars. It has sponsored a prize for the best German book written in exile, and some two hundred manuscripts are now being read. More recently a German-American Writers' Association has been formed, affiliated with the P. E. N. Club, which, aside from its purpose of preserving the forms and language of German culture, also seeks to combat Nazi propaganda. To that end it has now inaugurated a correspondence service available to the 120 German-American newspapers whose limited means makes them easy prey for Nazi propaganda both open and disguised. The association likewise plans to furnish speakers and material for German radio broadcasts.

On another front, the German Distributing Department of the Alliance Book Corporation (114 Fifth Avenue, New York) is organizing a book club for the publication and distribution in cheap editions not only of original German books but of other works in German translation. With a few thousand members such a book club could support itself and insure an audience for German writers in exile. And we may be sure that this literature will find its way into Germany as well. Such a book club should find many subscribers among German-speaking Americans and among students and teachers.

For various reasons, among them the more spectacular brutality of the Hitler regime, projects in aid of German refugees have been rather widely organized. But similar projects should be undertaken for the preservation of Italian culture. In this connection we are glad to report that the proceeds of a forthcoming public dinner in honor of G. A. Borgese, author of "Goliath," are to be used for the founding of a monthly publication *News from Italy,* designed to combat Italian fascist propaganda in this country. The project is sponsored by such distinguished Italian exiles as Gaetano Salvemini, Max Ascoli, and others. We wish it all success, if only because dissemination of the truth about European fascism functions also as a defense of American democracy.

It is perhaps needless to point out that a flowering of the literature of any language within our borders can only enrich our own culture, which has drawn much of its character and strength from successive waves of European influence and immigration. Moreover, the streams of German and Italian culture must eventually flow back into their native lands. If during their exile they have taken sustenance from and infused fresh elements into the American and French and English air, we shall all have come closer to that truly international culture which must one day make of fascism only another dark episode in the history of the human spirit.

The Nine Rejuvenated

THE Supreme Court has accepted with straight face a doctrine it would have dismissed two years ago as too far-fetched to be taken seriously. The decision of the Supreme Court in the Consolidated Edison case is a measure of how much our highest tribunal has changed since Mr. Roosevelt in 1937 had the courage to use "the birchrod in the cupboard" on judges as well as on utilities. In May, 1935, the Supreme Court did not think working conditions in the bituminous-coal industry of sufficient interstate importance to warrant federal regulation under the commerce clause. But in the Consolidated Edison case a purely intrastate utility is brought under the National Labor Relations Act on the tenuous ground that it also supplies electricity to several interstate railroads, steamship docks, post offices, and an airport. The court might almost as easily have held that the Brothers Schechter came under federal authority because they sold some of their chickens to Pullman diners. It is easy for us to understand, though we enjoy, the bewilderment of Justices Butler and McReynolds in their dissent. The old gray Constitution ain't what she used to be.

The Consolidated Edison decision is one of the greatest victories labor has won in the courts, and careful examination of its full text shows that the fears stirred by the first news reports and voiced in our own issue of last week are unfounded. When labor can force one of the greatest corporations in the country to reinstate six workers discharged for union activity and to pay them some $15,000 in back wages, cheers are in order. It is true that on one point the Supreme Court reversed the

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National Labor Relations Board. It did not void the contracts by which Consolidated Edison hoped to prevent the C. I. O. from unionizing its men, despite the scandalous circumstances surrounding those agreements. Evidence showed that the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers took over the company unions, officials and all; that the contracts were signed before it had organized the employees; that foremen acted as "organizers"; that the I. B. E. W. contract was entered into as the lesser of two evils. But the court's refusal to uphold the board on the contracts rests upon procedural grounds and does not deny the board the right to bring in similar findings in the future. The difference between the attitude of the majority and that of Justices Reed and Black, who felt that the contracts should have been voided, was the difference between a common-sense view of these contracts and a view more concerned with legal niceties. But the difference is hardly important, since the court specified that the contracts could not be regarded as exclusive.

The existence of the contracts does not bar the C. I. O. from organizing or the NLRB from holding an election. It happens that the contracts expired with the court decision. We deplore only the fact that the court in this opinion has done what it always does with regulatory statutes—it has rewritten them to widen judicial revision of their administration. The Wagner Act says that the board's findings shall be final if there is evidence to support them. The court held that there must be "substantial evidence." This means that judges in the future can review the facts as well as the law. Utility regulation has been hopelessly entangled in litigation by this sort of judicial review. We hope that will not prove to be the case in the administration of the NLRB.

Death of a Fighter

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

Canal Zone, December 8

THE news of Paul Y. Anderson's death filled just three lines of the ship's newspaper, but it was enough to shatter the illusion of peace and detachment that hangs over a ship in tropical waters. No details came with the announcement; I know only the fact. But for me, as for every member of *The Nation's* staff, that fact has the force of a blow. Paul Anderson has been a part of our journalistic life for so many years that his death seems like the death of a part of the paper as well as of an old friend. From his first contribution in the days shortly after the Teapot Dome investigation to his latest attacks on the Dies committee and his analysis of the election, he gave *The Nation* a combination of fact and insight and incisive phrasing that no other correspondent has equaled.

Paul Anderson was largely responsible for the investigation that opened the Teapot Dome scandal and the other operations of the Ohio Gang some fifteen years ago; a year and a half ago he plumbed through the official explanations of the South Chicago massacre to show what actually happened and just how it had been concealed. He was as important an ally of the La Follette committee as he had been of the Walsh committee—a fact-finding agency in his own person. This doesn't mean that Paul Anderson was incapable of being hoodwinked. His pleasure in uncompromising speech, his contempt for official smugness more than once led him after false gods. Both Hugh Johnson and Huey Long captured his imagination. Boldness and toughness and a willingness to cut through red tape and get things done—these qualities appealed to a similar streak in Paul Anderson. He had an abiding admiration for John L. Lewis, based, with better reason, on similar qualities. But his deepest loyalty and affection were given to those who combined daring and political conscience with a reflective and philosophical wisdom, such men as George W. Norris and the two Senators La Follette—old Bob and young Bob. These men remained a sort of touchstone of value for him, no matter where his momentary enthusiasms might take him.

He led a stormy life, emotionally and professionally. He was a high-hearted fighter, sometimes truculent and provocative, always courageous. He was a ruthless analyst, ready to follow the facts even to ends unpleasant to himself or his friends. He was, above all, a reporter who believed that his job was to tell the story—and that the story included events and their meaning as well. His last year, after he went to the St. Louis *Star-Times*, was in many ways a rewarding one. The *Post-Dispatch*, which he had served since 1914, had fallen from its high position as the chief crusading newspaper of the Middle West, and Paul Anderson left it in sorrow and discouragement, taking with him an unchanging admiration for Oliver K. Bovard, the "greatest managing editor." His article in *The Nation* of August 13, 1938, when Bovard resigned from the *Post-Dispatch*, is as fine a tribute as one newspaperman ever paid another. But the *Star-Times* not only offered him freedom to write as he saw; its independent liberalism provided him with a sympathetic setting and complete cooperation. His work in *The Nation* gave him the chance for analysis and opinion and a warmly responsive public. These meant much to him, and it is a satisfaction to know that he had them.

But the fact of his death is not made more bearable by such minor consolations. More than ever the country needs journalists who stand for an open, free expression that defies every hint of control. Paul Anderson—breezy, pugnacious, penetrating, irreverent—was the epitome of the spirit in American journalism that must against all hazards be preserved. He died too soon.

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Coughlin, the Jews, and Communism

BY WILLIAM C. KERNAN

ON the past few Sundays the Reverend Charles E. Coughlin of Detroit has made radio addresses which are of grave concern to America. Their purpose has apparently been to stir up racial hatred against the Jewish people in a country whose traditions, laws, and institutions are the expression of racial and religious equality. Primarily Father Coughlin has attempted to link the Jewish people with an unpopular social and economic movement known as communism, and by this and similar devices to place the race in a most unfavorable light. His line of reasoning is clever but none the less distasteful and full of error.

His contention is that Nazism is the effect of communism, that it is a defense mechanism against communism, and that there will always exist some defense against communism "as long as misguided Jews and Gentiles in such great numbers continue to propagate the doctrines of anti-God, anti-Christ, anti-patriotism, and anti-property." It will be noted that here Father Coughlin names Gentiles with Jews as the agents responsible for communism. The speech is interlarded with references to atheistic Jews and Gentiles in order to make us think that the speaker is harmlessly impartial.

But as he proceeds, the Gentile agents who are responsible for communism gradually cease to be of importance. The weight of his argument is gradually but certainly thrown against the Jews. "It is the belief, be it well or ill founded, of the present German government," he tells us, "that Jews . . . were responsible for the economic and social ills suffered by the Fatherland since the signing of the Treaty of Versailles." Our attention is drawn here only to Jews. Nothing is said about the German dislike for the Treaty of Versailles itself, which was drawn up by Gentiles and to the destruction of which the Hitler government is committed in the belief that Germany's economic and social ills were due to its provisions as well as to Jewish influence.

Continuing, he says that the Nazi movement was formed "to rid the Fatherland of Communists whose leaders, unfortunately, they identified with the Jewish race." At this point he identifies the Jews not only with the ills suffered by the Fatherland but also with communism. It is not even mentioned, it is not granted, that in all Germany there were any Gentile Communists. Again—and more strongly now—the weight of the argument is thrown against the Jews, who are painted as at once destroyers of Germany and one with the Communist movement.

From this point on the argument against the Jews moves more rapidly and with less discretion. It is charged that in 1917 "of the twenty-five quasi-Cabinet members" of the Soviet Republic "twenty-four were atheistic Jews," whose names Father Coughlin said he had before him; that in 1935 "the Central Committee of the Communist Party operating in Russia consisted of fifty-nine members," of whom fifty-six were Jews and the three remaining non-Jews were married to Jewesses. Then comes a revealing quotation from a Jewish magazine, the *American Hebrew*, for September 10, 1920: "The achievement, the Russian Jewish revolution, destined to figure in history as the overshadowing result of the World War, was largely the outcome of Jewish thinking, of Jewish discontent, of Jewish effort to reconstruct." The Jews and communism again, linked this time by one of their own publications. What could be clearer?

To clinch his argument of Jewish responsibility for communism, only one more indictment need be added. And Father Coughlin adds it. It is that not only were Jews in Russia responsible for communism, but American Jewish financiers aided the revolution by supplying the money. To prove this most telling point Father Coughlin goes to a book by Professor Denis Fahey. He unearths a secret document of the American Secret Service and tells us that he regrets being forced to reveal the contents of such a "closely guarded and certified document." He dips into an official British document which he calls the British "White Paper," and which he says is in his possession. He assures us that this official "White Paper" contains damning evidence against the Jewish financiers. And he concludes that now all the world may know "what was restricted only to the few some years ago"—namely, that the Russian Revolution "was launched and fomented by distinctively Jewish influence." The Jews and communism again—this time with their money-bags!

And then Father Coughlin uncovers the last, terrible, shocking result of the Jewish-Communist link. "Between the years 1917 and 1938 more than 20 million Christians were murdered by the Communist government in Russia. . . . Between these same years not 400 million dollars but 40 billion dollars of Christian property was appropriated" in Russia. We see at last where the argument takes us. Great care has been exercised to make it clear that communism and the Jewish race are one and the same thing. Look for a Communist and find a Jew! And then the murder of 20 million Christians, the appropria-

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tion of 40 billion dollars' worth of Christian property. Who did that? The Communists! And who are the Communists? They are Jews!

The answer to these charges is not difficult to give because, fortunately, we have access to the sources from which Father Coughlin claims that he got his information. And when we examine these sources we are compelled, in all fairness, to come to conclusions which are far different from those drawn by Father Coughlin.

Father Coughlin

To begin with, the definition of Nazism as a defense mechanism against communism and the statement that "there will always exist some defense mechanism against communism" which will always be "characterized by persecution" are oversimplifications of fact. There are many of us, including the President of the United States, who believe that the best defense against communism is not Nazism but democracy—a way not "characterized by persecution." There is the answer to communism of Pope Pius XI—a way not "characterized by persecution." There are the pronouncements of the bishops of the Episcopal church which point to a way not "characterized by persecution." It gives us pause to wonder why Father Coughlin cannot see, as the answer to communism, any other way but that of Nazism or some other defense mechanism "characterized by persecution." Are these words of his an invitation to the Nazi forces in America to set up their defenses here against communism—defenses "characterized by persecution"?

As to Father Coughlin's inferences of Jewish responsibility for communism, many facts about the Jews in Germany before the rise of Hitler indicate that such a link cannot be forged. We might cite the fact that some of the leading newspapers in Germany at that time were Jewish-owned and were opposed to communism, or the fact that the economic interests of the Jewish people in Germany at that time made them, of necessity, the opponents of communism, or the fact that in pre-Nazi Germany the Jews who voted were for the most part members of the liberal democratic parties. But we do not have to mention these things. We have only to recall that before the Nazis came into power the Communist voting strength in Germany was 6,000,000. And in all of Germany there were only some 300,000 Jews who had the right to vote. Even if these 300,000 Jews had all voted Communist, a completely untenable assumption in itself, what would they have amounted to among 6,000,000?

To show that the Jews are responsible for communism in Russia, Father Coughlin, quoting from a paper which, he says, "I have before me," asserts that of the twenty-five members of the quasi-Cabinet of the Soviet Republic in 1917, twenty-four were Jews. One would very much like to see that list of names and to know where he got it. Those who recall the days immediately following the Bolshevist revolution will remember that the first Council of Commissars contained at least sixteen men who were non-Jews, among them Lenin, Stalin, Kalinin, Milutin, Krasin, Kasior, and Bukharin.

Coming down to 1935 we have the statement that "the Central Committee of the Communist Party operating in Russia consisted of fifty-nine members," fifty-six of whom were Jews. Father Coughlin calls this an "official disclosure." We may ask, why "official"? And "disclosed" by whom? For this is a grossly incorrect statement. The Central Committee of the Communist Party in Russia has nearly twice as many members on it as Father Coughlin indicates. And to disprove his fantastic contention that there are no more than three non-Jews on the committee we have but to ask if Andreyev, Mikoyan, and Stalin are Jews; if Molotov, Kalinin, and Voroshilov are Jews; if Beria, Bliukher, and Budenny are Jews; if Zhdanov, Krupskaya, and Petrovsky are Jews. The answer in every case is No.

We can go farther in relieving the Jews of the charge that they are responsible for communism in Russia, and from the subsequent charge that they persecuted Christians. From the statistics of the Petrograd Communist Party in 1918 we learn that of the party's membership 74.3 per cent were Russians, 10.5 per cent Latvians, 6.3 per cent Poles, 3.7 per cent Esthonians, 2.6 per cent Lithuanians, and 2.6 per cent Jews. And from Professor Hugo Valentin, distinguished professor of history in Upsala University, Sweden, author of a book called, "Anti-Semitism, Historically and Critically Examined," we learn that "even in 1922, after several years of intensive Bolshevizing, the Jewish element amounted to only 19,526 members, or 5.2 per cent of the party." Professor Valentin also tells us that "the commissariat for the administration of Jewish affairs, appointed by Lenin's government, issued a manifesto on March 15, 1918, attacking the Jewish workers for their anti-Bolshevist attitude"; that "in the Ukraine in 1918, the Jewish workers with arms in their hands made common cause with the Jewish bourgeoisie against Bolshevism"; that as two-fifths of the Jews of Russia lived by private trade, one-third by handicraft, the coming to power of communism meant "greater catastrophe for the Jews than for any other section of the Russian people"; that "most of the Jewish workers and many of the intellectual and semi-intellectual Jewish proletariat belonged either to

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the Social Revolutionary or to the Menshevik Party, both of which took their stand on social-democratic principles, were hostile to the anti-democratic Bolsheviks, and were soon to be cruelly persecuted by them." Finally, we read in Professor Valentin's book, "The spiritual fathers of Bolshevism are not Jews. . . . The tutors of the radical and revolutionary Russians in atheism, materialism, nihilism, terrorism, socialism, and anarchism were Russians—or Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans, to some extent the same as had influenced the West in the 1870's and 80's, but who had a far more disintegrating effect in Russia than elsewhere."

All of this is not to say that among Russian Communists there are no Jews. Naturally, there are some Jews, some but not many. To attempt to arouse the anger of a whole country against a race by identifying it with the "economic and social ills" of Germany and with the murder of 20 million Christians in Russia—the while mouthing unctuous words about "good" Jews, "religious" Jews, "sincere" Jews—is to disregard all the facts and to go a long way toward setting race against race and religion against religion in this country.

Father Coughlin goes farther. He goes to a Jewish publication, the *American Hebrew,* and seeks to convict the Jews out of their own mouths on the charges that he levels against them. I obtained from the Broadman Library of the World War in New York a copy of that magazine for September 10, 1920, the issue from which Father Coughlin quoted. It is significant for saying exactly the opposite of what Father Coughlin made it appear to say. The article was not written by a Jew, but by a non-Jew. It does not use the phrase "Russian Jewish Revolution" at all—anywhere. It asks the question: Will the world follow the course that led to its blood bath in 1914 or will it "adopt some principle approaching the Golden Rule as the basis of its political and economic statesmanship?" It goes on to point out that "the Golden Rule, as too many of us non-Jews are too apt to forget, is a Jewish principle. It is the expression of Jewish discontent with social, economic, and political conditions that existed in Palestine and in the world nineteen centuries ago." It points out that the unrest caused by the Golden Rule, formulated through Jewish lips in Christ's Sermon on the Mount, finally resulted in the "annihilation of the most firmly intrenched, the most selfish, and most reckless autocratic system in the world, Russian czarism." This is what the author referred to as being "largely the outcome of Jewish thinking, of Jewish discontent, of Jewish effort to reconstruct"—the fall of the czar. And this was not caused by the Bolshevik revolution, but by the Kerensky revolution of March 12, 1917—a revolution supported by the Allies and commended by Theodore Roosevelt, a revolution that was itself overthrown by the Bolshevist revolution on November 7, 1917. Father Coughlin did not tell us that. In other words, the *American Hebrew* did not say that the Communist revolution was the outcome largely of "Jewish thinking, of Jewish discontent, of Jewish effort to reconstruct."

It is, however, when Father Coughlin quotes from the "official White Paper issued by the English War Cabinet in 1919," which he says he has in his possession, that he errs most flagrantly. This paper, known as "Russia No. 1," may be found in its original form in the British Library of Information in New York City and in its abridged form in the New York Public Library. I have studied this paper, and I have found nothing in it to support Father Coughlin's charge that "this official paper prints the names of the Jewish bankers Kuhn, Loeb and Company, of New York, among those who helped finance the Russian Revolution and communism." Kuhn, Loeb and Company are not even mentioned in this paper. When this fact was called to Father Coughlin's attention after his broadcast of November 20, he answered by appealing not only to the "White Paper" again but to a book by Professor Denis Fahey, from which he quoted to the effect that the "chief document treating of the financing of the Russian Revolution is the one drawn up by the American Secret Service." Then follow the names of the American Jewish bankers who "were engaged in this work of destruction." They are: Jacob Schiff, Guggenheim, Max Breitung, and Kuhn, Loeb and Company, of which the directors are Jacob Schiff, Felix Warburg, Otto Kahn, Mortimer Schiff, J. J. Hanauer.

It does not matter that the New York *Times* for November 29 quoted Chief Frank J. Wilson of the United States Secret Service as saying in Washington, "It is quite certain that no such report was ever made by the United States Secret Service," and quoted Kuhn, Loeb and Company as saying in New York, "The firm of Kuhn, Loeb and Company has never had any financial relations, or other relations, with any government in Russia, whether Czarist, Kerensky, or Communist." What does matter is that I have in my possession a Nazi paper called *World Service,* published in Hamburg twice monthly in six languages. This paper describes itself as an information sheet dealing "with the machinations of the Jewish underworld"—a sheet which, accordingly, forms "a necessary part of the intellectual armory of every Gentile." In the issue of February 15, 1936, on page 2, I find, "In February, 1916, it was noticed for the first time that a revolution was being prepared in Russia. It was ascertained that the following banking houses were participants in this work of destruction: Jacob Schiff (Jew), Kuhn, Loeb and Company, Jewish banking house with directors Jacob Schiff (Jew), Felix Warburg (Jew), Otto Kahn (Jew), Mortimer Schiff (Jew), Jerome J. Hanauer (Jew), Guggenheim (Jew), Max Breitung." This statement and this list of names tally exactly with the statement and list of names quoted by Father Coughlin. What is the source of Father Cough-

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lin's information? The British official paper, the United States Secret Service report? No. The Nazi *World Service*, which undertakes to inform the world about the "machinations of the Jewish underworld."

In the light of these facts can we Christians have any part in the persecution of a defenseless people? Shall we, reared in the American tradition of tolerance and goodwill, join forces with those who, like Father Coughlin, would mock our tradition and with their mockery destroy our civilization?

Cuba's Puppet Democracy

BY ARTHUR PINCUS

ONCE again the race is on in Cuba between a major social conflict and intensified military rule, imposed this time under the deceptive cover of "democracy." In recent months Colonel Fulgencio Batista has made two political marriages with parties he once outlawed. As a result he has emerged as the great Cuban "progressive" and "democrat." Basking in the warmth of new-found legality, the Communist Party and the Partido Revolucionario Cubano are now singing the praises of the man they once bitterly assailed as a ruthless butcher, and are assuring the world that democracy has bloodlessly supplanted dictatorship on the island.

These political somersaults will seem less bewildering if events in Cuba are related, first, to the general status of democratic movements in Latin America, and, second, to the political, economic, and military objectives of the United States at the Lima congress of American nations. Cuba can serve as either a bridge or a stumbling-block for the program of the American delegation at Lima. No other country is so closely tied to the United States, or so clearly the product, as Harry Elmer Barnes once put it, of the most subtle and sophisticated imperialistic enterprise in existence. For nearly six years President Roosevelt has been working to lay the ghost of a rampant Yankee imperialism in the minds of Latin Americans by the incantation of the Good Neighbor policy. But time and again listeners to his brave speeches about peace and international justice have heard the jarring undertone of events in Cuba. On the heels of the last Inter-American Conference at Buenos Aires came the impeachment of President Miguel Mariano Gómez, which laid bare a Cuba ruled by machine-gun and rifle. The responsibility of our State Department for Gómez and now for Batista on an island where 80 per cent of the total national wealth is in American hands is crystal-clear to Spanish-speaking Americans, high-flown sentiments and eloquent rhetoric notwithstanding. Now with the democratic idea resurgent in Cuba, Washington, which underwrote Batista's recent visit to the United States, enters the Lima conference with that thorny issue at rest, even if but temporarily.

In another respect the changed Cuban situation will give our delegation even more positive help. Our prime purpose at Lima will be to freeze out Nazi and Japanese influence in the New World. Since Munich the possible fate of small nations has been a matter of deep concern to Latin America, and we have been industriously keeping alive the bogy of European and Asiatic aggression. But the game of power politics cannot be played by adopting resolutions; we must put teeth into our affirmations. And this is where Cuba comes in. Our naval base at Guantánamo, relic of the treaty of 1901, is shortly to be overhauled for complete modernization; strategic highways will link it with the United States naval station at Caímanera, with Baracoa in the eastern part of the island, which dominates the Paso de los Vientos, and with Santiago de Cuba. At Santiago will be built a new naval and airplane base which will be one of the strongest in the world, forming a secondary line in a system of defense of which the Panama Canal fortifications are the first. This may be regarded as the first step taken by the United States to establish a base for a pan-American fleet, and is plain evidence to Latin America and the Rome-Berlin axis that we intend to protect our South American trade with force of arms. Naturally, Cuba is to be rewarded for all this with a revision of the reciprocity treaty in favor of Cuban products and with certain definite arrangements for financial assistance. It was announced only a few days ago that the Export-Import Bank at Washington will lend Cuba $50,000,000 for public works, such as roads, airplane bases, and naval-base improvements, desired by our military authorities. More help of this character is on its way.

The present chastened mood of Batista and his adoption of a "democratic" cloak can only be explained by the widespread unrest and near bankruptcy for which his zigzag policies are responsible. It is no secret that he just barely escaped having Washington put the skids under him, as it once did for Machado. And only eight months ago he faced a "palace" revolt. He had crawled out on a limb by ordering two army chieftains, Colonel Diego Rodríguez, Governor of Oriente, and Colonel Desiderio Sanchez, Governor of Camaguey, whose loyalty he had reason to suspect, to lay down their arms. Both flatly refused. Rather than risk a conflict, Batista

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backed down. And both men, who are allied with strong sugar interests, have since grown to national stature.

To anyone with a knowledge of the maggoty condition of Cuban politics and commerce in the last years of Machado's rule, the similarities in the present situation are readily apparent. Industry and commerce are on the rocks as then. "White gold"—sugar—is down; revenues are dried up at their source. More than half the people are unemployed. Wages were never lower. Yet food prices are 20 per cent and rents nearly 45 per cent above the level of January, 1936. City streets and country roads alike are thronged with pitiable beggars. Lawlessness mounts. Open corruption rots the authority of those in high government places. Smuggling on a truly epic scale is carried on by army officials. Embezzlement of public funds is a commonplace. What native commerce exists either pays tribute to the army or is directly in the hands of the ruling clique.

But this could not go on forever. Washington was becoming restive. Himself once the beneficiary, Batista seemed to be on the way to becoming the victim of that same American diplomatic meddling that reached its zenith with Sumner Welles and Jefferson Caffery, predecessors of the present ambassador, J. Butler Wright. Things reached the stage where Batista openly declared in March that a plot against his life had been encouraged by the United States in "conversations" between the American ambassador to Cuba and the conspiring elements. Nothing came of this charge beyond Wright's deliberate denial. Not one of the old-line politicians named as master-minds in the plot was arrested. Naturally, this inability to press charges damaged Batista's prestige. He came out of the experience in a chastened, reflective mood.

Meanwhile, the white Creole pseudo-aristocrats, typified in the person of ex-President Gómez, counted straws in the wind, and began to close in on Batista. The spoils of office were already being fought over and divided up among them. A round-table conference of discredited politicians like Menocal and Mendieta met with impunity to effect a national front. Hybrid, monstrous coalitions were created on paper, and there was much loose talk of secret conferences between Ambassador Wright and Colonel Pedraza.

But just when a change in stewardship seemed imminent, Batista completely reversed his course, turned his back on old friends, and confounded his ultra-respectable and reactionary enemies: he became a "democrat" and a "progressive." The embezzlements from the public treasury pointed the way. Why not couple the thieves with big native sugar men and make them scapegoats for the mess in which the island was wallowing? And why not at the same time link both embezzlers and reactionaries with the Cuban Congress and President Laredo Bru, long the object of the people's distrust? The whispering campaign against Bru, set in motion forthwith, had him privy to half the embezzlements that had rocked the island. Actually, Bru had vetoed in February the bill legalizing the notorious $85,000,000 Cuban bond-conversion issue, jammed through our SEC, out of which most of the embezzlement scandals grew. Subsequently it was passed without his signature. But that show of independence apparently cost him his political career.

Nevertheless, Batista's position still needed shoring up against the rising tide of popular unrest. It was not enough for him to break away from old associations and disavow shady accomplices. Popular indifference to the bleats of the old-line politicians composing the round-table conference told him that the Cubans did not wish the return to power of elements which had had their inning in the past and failed miserably. To keep the show going something new was needed. He must convince Washington that he was not worn out as a ruling instrument. If he could form a show-window "democratic" government freighted with "revolutionary elements," behind which he could conceal his military dictatorship, he would be fulfilling Washington's ideal. He must have a government that could face both ways at once, satisfy the claims and allay the fears of all social classes, pipe off the revolutionary steam of the Negro-*mestizo* masses and at the same time reassure foreign property-owners as to their continued security. This was the purpose of his reconciliation with the two parties at opposite poles of social influence—the P. R. C., the strongest numerically of the so-called opposition factions, and the Communist Party of Cuba.

Colonel Fulgencio Batista

The deal with the P. R. C., a *quid pro quo* working agreement, was made by Batista by winning over a majority of its national committee, headed by Sergio Carbó, who had been a member of the ill-fated September 4, 1933, government of Grau San Martin, Ruben de León, and Oscar de la Torre. These leaders became friendly with Batista during Carbó's radio campaign against President Bru and his stuffed-shirt Congress. Batista is now financing this campaign, which is continuing with undiminished intensity, and Carbó, a gifted journalist and orator, is said to be slated for Bru's chair or at least a high Cabinet post. He and his associates have not hesitated to throw their principles overboard and join Batista's camp, where the juicy plums of patronage await

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them; for this is a country in which fully half the petty bourgeoisie live off the government budget.

I do not think it stretches a point too far to find the seeds of Carbó's junking of the P. R. C. program in Grau's earlier decision to renounce extra-legal action against Batista in favor of peaceful parliamentary opposition. In the past Grau made his own separate peace with Batista, though at the moment he opposes a close alliance. The majority of P. R. C. members feel that they are realists taking advantage of a golden opportunity. Many are sincere in their belief that they can straddle a difficult situation and advance Cuba toward genuine democracy. All of them distrust Batista's cloak of progressivism, but they hear the rumblings of a mass movement of landless peasants, and they want to channel that movement within the dikes of class harmony.

The deal with the Communist Party, granting it legal status, was of a much more startling character. Though it has been said that Batista was not especially favoring the Communist Party in allowing all Cuban parties to function, he had been using it as a shield to avert from himself the blame for the terrible economic plight of the Cuban workers. Moreover, the party's complete about-face is not limited to the island alone but parallels similar action taken by Stalinists in South America, so much so as to indicate a general trend.

To some the activities of the various Latin American Communist parties reveal little but a desire to get ahead politically. The plain fact seems to be, however, that Stalinism in Hispano-America has made its peace with imperialism. That is to say, with American imperialism; the Japanese, Italian, and Nazi varieties are castigated daily. Not a single Communist Party organ in any of the countries to the south of us raises its voice today against the *Yanqui,* although such abuse was once the party's greatest stock in trade. In Cuba, for example, the party press attributes all the island's troubles to big sugar men like Montsalvo and Casanova and Pepin Rivero, editor of the *Diario de la Marina,* Havana's largest and most reactionary paper, without a word about the American imperialist interests of which it was once the most outspoken critic. The reason would appear to be that the various Stalinist parties are acting only to gain a powerful ally on the side of Russia in a future European conflict. Our State Department's bid for a pan-American navy receives from no other group anywhere such wholehearted indorsement as it gets from the Communist parties of Latin America.

The Tenth National Convention of the Cuban Communist Party was held last August. Out of that convention the following formulation of policy appeared in *Hoy,* a Communist paper published in Havana: "The Communist Party of Cuba will adopt a more positive attitude toward Batista, since he is no longer the focal point of reaction but the defender of democracy." What this was to mean was illustrated a few days later when the truck and bus drivers of Oriente province suddenly struck against the hated Highway Tax bill designed to finance payments on the $85,000,000 Cuban bond issue. Springing up spontaneously, this strike was the first workers' movement, indeed the first strike movement of any consequence, since the bloody repression of the general strike in May, 1935. The strike spread like a brush fire through the entire province, and flared up briefly in Camaguey and Santa Clara. At the height of the tension which gripped the island, *Hoy* declared, "This strike is led by fascist elements interested in provoking disturbances and thereby impeding the convening of the Constituent Assembly," but this brake had little effect. Cuba was careening toward a crisis. Batista had to act quickly. The highway tax was provisionally withdrawn, and in the American market the price of the bonds tailspinned disastrously.

Less than a week later Francisco Calderío, national secretary of the Communist Party (known in Cuba as Blas Roca), and Joaquin Ordoqui, a well-known Communist speaker, were invited to confer with Batista at Camp Columbia. To the assembled Cuban press Batista said, "The Communist Party according to its constitution is a democratic party which pursues its ends within the framework of a capitalist regime and renounces violence as a political means, and consequently it is entitled to the same status as that of any other party in Cuba." The Communist Party has indeed achieved the Popular Front it has so long worked for; not a common front with the round-table conference people in opposition to the military rule of Batista, but with Batista and the army itself.

Decree laws, though not now enforced, are still the basis of Cuban government. The university, center of revolutionary upheaval in bygone days, is dominated by a reactionary faculty appointed by Batista. Censorship hangs over the press. The one paper, the *Prensa,* that dared denounce Carbó's and the P. R. C.'s shameless sellout to Batista as a maneuver to forestall the return of civilian rule to the island was peremptorily suppressed, and a decree law detailing don'ts for newspapers, under penalty of confiscation, was immediately promulgated. The Communist organ, *Mediodia,* while piously lamenting the fate that had overtaken the *Prensa,* nevertheless reproached its editor for "misrepresenting Batista's democratic advances." Only a few months ago Felipe Rivero, publisher of the weekly *Jorabemos,* a paper which has carried mild articles criticizing the government, was forced to drink a liter of castor oil at the point of a gun by four men who represented themselves as members of the Military Intelligence Service. Such is the present condition of "democracy" in Cuba. It is a puppet creation of Batista's that can be destroyed in a day as easily as it was created. That is something that will scarcely peep out at Lima.

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Twilight at Teachers College

BY JAMES WECHSLER

TO ITS cynical critics Teachers College has long resembled a nursery in which incompetents are painstakingly elevated to mediocrity. From it, nevertheless, have emanated most of the vital currents which have periodically stirred the docile teaching profession in America. For many years this unit of Columbia University was the only important center of teacher training in the United States, and although numerous rivals and imitators have sprung up recently—largely under the leadership of Teachers College alumni—it is still the most important school of its kind.

Because its influence is so widespread, certain events that have recently occurred within its walls have peculiar significance for American education. These events dramatize the existence of a tug-of-war between those who want to maintain the institution's integrity and those who favor a discreet Anschluss with Wall Street. For several decades Teachers College, relying for its revenue upon student enrolment, enjoyed a measure of independence unknown in institutions supported by endowments. It is now passing from this condition of relative freedom to the harsh servitude of economic necessity. Signs of the change are the administration's high-handed disregard for democratic procedure, the anxiety of progressive faculty members who see looming before them a choice between resignation to silence and resignation from the university, the diminished confidence of some outstanding liberals, and intensified administrative efforts to attract conservative benefactors.

Teachers College was founded by adventurers in an educational wilderness. It attained maturity without benefit of large private subsidies. To its halls came pioneers in various fields—Thorndike in educational psychology, Strayer in the science of school administration, Kilpatrick in progressive education, McMurry in elementary education, Patty Hill, founder of the first American kindergarten, and a host of others. By 1920 it had become a major source of the profession's dignity; by 1927 it was a big business paying handsome dividends. George Strayer and his colleagues had a virtual monopoly in the placement of school executives; faculty members enjoyed the prestige, and often the profits of such diverse ventures as school designing, textbooks, lectures, educational films. When Dean James Earl Russell retired in 1927, his son, William Fletcher Russell, mounted the throne of a prospering enterprise.

Even after the crash of 1929 the business of education continued to soar; in the summer of 1930, 14,000 students crowded Teachers College classrooms. But very soon the academicians' dream of immunity from crisis came to an end. Teachers College had long boasted of its cosmopolitan enrolment; by 1932 it was wooing the teachers of New York in fierce competition with New York University. While the sagging curve of enrolment essentially reflected the increasing economic stringency, it was aggravated by the growing eminence of other teacher-training institutions.

It was an auspicious moment for insurgent voices in education. In 1934 such voices became audible; the doctrines they enunciated were forthright, critical, and, most important, dramatically rooted in social crisis. Names like Counts, Newlon, Watson, Rugg, Miller, Gans overshadowed those of Strayer, Mort, Briggs, Thorndike. The new progressives bluntly integrated their educational theories with fresh insights into capitalist disorder. In that year the murmurings of this dissident group were synthesized in an address delivered by George S. Counts: "Dare the School Build a New Social Order?" This was the manifesto of the left wing in education, and its title was amply suggestive of their emphasis as well as of their hopes.

It is not easy to name the precise moment Dean William F. Russell's bewilderment ended and his fears became articulate. The college's financial problems were becoming acute; such prosperity as it still enjoyed was attributable to the drawing power of the progressives. The first conflict occurred late in 1935, when Teachers College professors led an energetic anti-Hearst campaign which vexed Russell not because he loved Hearst more but because he was already thinking in terms of "good" and "bad" publicity.

Far more important were the labor troubles which had begun to simmer within the college itself. In an attempt to destroy unionism among the college's manual workers, four cafeteria workers were summarily fired. The dismissals would probably have been unnoticed in an earlier educational environment; now there were the increasingly vocal progressives, supporting in all their speeches and writings the validity of trade unionism, preaching an identity between educator and worker. This was their first test, and they met it without flinching. They forced a faculty probe of labor conditions at the college, an inquiry which ultimately led to the establishment of uncommonly enlightened conditions. More immediately, however, it led to a widening of the breach between

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Russell and William Kilpatrick, acknowledged head of the progressive bloc. A faculty committee headed by Kilpatrick had named the investigators, and at their head was John Childs, a protege of Kilpatrick's and a thorn in Russell's flesh at the time. This committee's report sharply criticized the administration's labor policy.

When similar issues confronted Russell shortly after the cafeteria dismissals, his reprisals became deliberate. Teachers College service men joined a city-wide strike; they were supported by the faculty progressives and by a newly established student newspaper, the *News*. Soon afterward the *News* was deprived of its subsidy and ushered into oblivion. Russell was frank in stating that its editorial judgments were responsible for the move. Today there is no independent student journal at the college. The Dean was even more peremptory in challenging the liberals on his faculty. He invited those faculty members who were critical of his labor policies to submit their resignations; these would not be accepted at once, but he wished to have them "on file."

The bluntness of these measures reinforced the rumors which now began to flood the college. The report circulated that at a party which the Dean gave to conservative administrators and students he had announced his intention to "purge" his faculty and candidly listed five victims: Kilpatrick, Counts, Watson, Childs, and Gans. This story was repeated so frequently that Russell, at a faculty meeting, was compelled to deny it. First he claimed that the remarks had been made in jest; then he attributed them to an anonymous trustee. It is notable that the same names have subsequently figured in other campus rumors. And it is a fact that, in January, 1937—not long after that party—Kilpatrick was retired on the ground that he had passed the age limit; widespread and impressive protests proved ineffective.

Whether such a retirement rule should be automatically applied is of course a debatable issue. Prior exceptions had been made at Teachers College. Considering what were admittedly Russell's personal emotions, there is little doubt that he was insistent not because the principle of automatic retirement was at stake, but because Kilpatrick was at stake.

To the students of the previous summer session Russell had fiercely expressed his opposition to teacher unionism. The intensity of his feeling against it, according to many who knew him intimately, was due to a deep-seated objection to any curb upon his authority; it was accentuated by a calculated desire to make Teachers College appear "respectable," and thus to pave the way for endowments. His authoritarian ambitions were manifest in the "reorganization" of Teachers College that was abruptly foisted upon the faculty and in the formation, in almost ostentatious secrecy, of the "Lay Council."

The reorganization transformed the basic structure of the college, fundamentally altering the status of its departments and their relations to one another. Many of the educational issues involved had earlier been thoroughly investigated by a faculty committee, which had unanimously condemned the kind of measures later so abruptly enacted. Apart from its academic demerits, the new program penalized various progressives on the staff. The most important figures in the Department of Elementary Education, which was eminently successful, were Ralph McGaughy and Roma Gans, known as vigorous, articulate progressives. The reorganization "coordinated" this department, without its head having been consulted, into a larger division under the supervision of conservatives. In characteristically dictatorial fashion Russell announced this reorganization as a *fait accompli*.

But if there is any single incident more prophetic than another of Teachers College's approaching twilight, it is the appearance of the Lay Council. In spite of the rhetoric in which its formation was shrouded, its primary mission is plain: to make peace between big business and the "hotbed of radicalism" on Morningside Heights. Its chief figure is Cortlandt Jackson Langley, a retired business man now having his office at Teachers College. Langley was also the guiding spirit of a series of conferences held by the Advanced School of Teachers College, recently organized to establish the college's superiority to its mushroom competitors, and intrusted to the administration of conservative faculty members. As the Advanced School is a vast financial liability, the conferences were designed to impress its potentialities upon the business world, from which distinguished lists of invited guests were drawn.

Reports of the formation of the Lay Council aroused the progressives' flagging spirits. As a result of bitter controversy in faculty meetings, its composition will be extended to all walks of life. But its essential function remains that of money-raising. The one name thus far definitely linked with its personnel is that of Winthrop Aldrich, president of the Chase National Bank. The future of Teachers College will in some respects depend on the evolving role of this council. Thus far its power is largely latent, but presumably the industrialists who enlist in it will come bearing gifts. Such gifts are the usual fee for which a college trades its independence. I am not convinced that Russell himself sees the full implications of the plan. He is frightened by the spectacle of deficits, and he not only enjoys the society of wealthy persons but sees himself as their tutor.

The announced closing of New College, a progressive undergraduate wing launched by Teachers College several years ago, is the latest and most flagrant of Russell's authoritarian moves. The reasons behind this decision are probably as complex as Russell's personality; the budgetary excuse is slightly grotesque in view of the negligible sum involved. The important fact is that Russell merely announced its closing to faculty and

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students alike; no semblance of democratic discussion preceded the verdict. Now rumors of the impending amalgamation of the Lincoln School with Horace Mann are heard around the college.

Last summer, under the imprint of Teachers College, Professor William Gellerman published a thesis challenging the policies of the American Legion. Most of his critique has long been a commonplace among liberals, but it aroused the wrath of the Legion officialdom; more important, it threatened to disrupt the rapprochement which Russell was effecting between Teachers College and polite society. Hastily Langley beseeched Legion Chief Doherty to address the Teachers College summer session, and Doherty enthusiastically consented. Later, at the plea of numerous students, George S. Counts announced that he would speak in defense of Gellerman's thesis at a student conference. The speech was never delivered. Shortly before the conference Counts was summoned to Russell's office and urged to remain silent, which he did. Although I understand that Russell later confessed that this glaring intervention was an error, his wooing of the Legion did not diminish in ardor. And the Legion reciprocated, inviting him to address its New York State convention. That address, entitled "How to Tell a Communist and How to Beat Him," together with a juvenile article in the Columbia *Alumni News* describing Russell's ripening friendship with the Legion, now constitute the college's most valuable exhibits. They are being circulated by the thousand to prospective benefactors, including the whole mailing list of the American Bankers' Association.

All these events show two continuing elements—internal autocracy and pandering to external conservative interests. Among the progressive wing of the faculty is a deepening sense of gloom, and consequent demoralization. One hears morbid speculation over the Dean's next victims; one notes increasing reticence among some of those who were formerly boldest, a pronounced decline in progressive activity, perhaps best exhibited in the doldrums which afflict the *Social Frontier,* and important defections from the teachers' union. The extent to which insecurity motivates this retreat and the extent to which it reflects broader world tendencies are of course difficult to measure. Basic to this insecurity is the lack of tenure for even the oldest teachers. The fate of Elizabeth McDowell, dismissed summarily after seventeen years on the faculty, cannot be contemplated with equanimity by the survivors.

In the long run the course of Teachers College will be determined by the response of educators and public alike to the policies it is now pursuing. Measured by the conduct of many universities, Teachers College is not yet notably oppressive. But contrasted with the brave manifestos of its leaders and the influence the college has heretofore exerted, its present course is a steady retreat. Faith in democratic education and hope for its future animated Russell's predecessors; lacking these, he has set out in search of charity. The Congress of Industry was his first stop.

In the Wind

IN ITS first edition the anti-Roosevelt Chicago *Tribune* recently carried this streamer-headline: "Call U. S. Envoy from Berlin." Under it appeared a sympathetic dispatch about the President's action from the paper's Washington correspondent. There was also a three-column, front-page cartoon on the subject of the atrocities and their impact on "appeasement" plans. Under a smaller head appeared the story of the sentencing of Robert Irwin, New York murderer. In the second edition a sweeping transformation was evident. The streamer read: "Slayer of 3 given 60 years," and under it appeared the Irwin story. The Washington correspondent's story had vanished; on page two, as a tail to a dispatch from Germany, appeared a three-paragraph A. P. account of Roosevelt's recall of Wilson. Most striking of all, the anti-Hitler cartoon had disappeared and in its place was a cartoon praising the Munich pact.

SPONSORS OF the Japanese boycott have been disturbed by recent sales of "Chinese antiques," here and in England. They are convinced that most antiques and other contemporary imports from China are owned by Japanese and are being used to finance Japanese war purchases abroad. They cite an error which appeared as a misprint or a Freudian slip in a recent advertisement in the New York *Times* announcing a sale of such antiques. The prices, according to the advertisement, were unusually low because "the Chinese yen had dropped in value." The yen, of course, is a Japanese coin.

AMERICAN NEWS and radio services have been regularly receiving releases from a certain "Peninsular News Service," which claims to give the news about rebel Spain. A recent release received by the Columbia Broadcasting System was in a plain envelope stamped across one end: "Deutsches Generalkonsulat, German Consul-General, Whitehall Building, 17 Battery Place, New York."

FRANK SMOTHERS, the correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News* who was recently expelled from Italy, reports growing Italian dissatisfaction with the war in Spain. Citing native cynicism over press accounts of uninterrupted Franco victories he says this comment is now becoming characteristic: "If the Nationalists had advanced as much as the newspapers have said, they would be across the Atlantic by now."

HOLLYWOOD OFFICIALS are alarmed by stiffening federal requirements concerning films for which government equipment is used. They assert that pacifist sequences are being banned from pictures in which the government cooperates.

[*We invite our readers to submit material for In the Wind —either clippings with source and date or stories that can be clearly authenticated. A prize of $5 will be awarded each month for the best item.*—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Paul Y. Anderson

A DEEP, abiding passion for public righteousness dominated Paul Y. Anderson, and an equally compelling hatred of sham and hypocrisy. Combined with these was actual physical, mental, and moral fearlessness, all expressed by a style which for deadly accuracy and straight shooting can perhaps best be likened to a machine-gun. Its drive and force were due not only to Anderson's vigor of thought and deadly earnestness, but also to the complete integrity of his utterances.

To me his articles in *The Nation* sounded always as if hammered out in a white heat. I used to imagine him walking up and down his office bursting with rage and dictating what he had to say to a secretary because he could not possibly type fast enough to record the flood of his feelings as it poured over the dam. I was wrong. Those breezy, smashing articles were typed by him in the early hours, usually between one and four in the morning. He labored over them and chose his words with great exactness, but when the job was finished they seemed the product of an unstudied spontaneity.

He was the greatest detective-reporter I have ever known. Set him on a trail and no bloodhound would run down his quarry more relentlessly. There may be better all-round journalists, more rounded Washington correspondents; certainly there are men who think more deeply about fundamental causes—he was never so much interested in what created situations as in describing and exposing them. But as one of his Washington associates has just said to me, he not only went after the facts—others did that—but he searched until he found the truth behind the facts. That made him the unbeatable reporter that he was. And the excitement of the chase and of the exposure gave his work the verve, the clarity, and the fervor that distinguished it.

None of this would have availed had he not been backed by the newspaper he served so long—the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. He knew that O. K. Bovard, the great managing editor under whom he worked until a year ago, would stand behind him no matter what happened—and Joseph Pulitzer, Jr., the owner, as well. No writer could have had greater freedom or more complete cooperation. But, after all, it was Paul Anderson himself who achieved those journalistic heights. It was he who had the keenness of vision to start the inquiry going which led to the complete disclosure of the Teapot Dome rascality and the sentencing of a Cabinet member to the penitentiary for accepting a bribe of $100,000; for this Paul Anderson rightly received a Pulitzer prize. It was his genius, coupled with his flaming indignation at what he saw, that gave us the picture of the anti-Negro riots in East St. Louis which won the commendation of a Congressional committee. It was he who in 1926 presented evidence, gathered entirely by himself, which led to the impeachment of a federal judge. Nearly a decade and a half has passed since his brilliant mind put two and two together in the Teapot Dome inquiry; a much longer period may elapse, I believe, before another Washington journalist will achieve as much.

And now, at only forty-five years, he has by his own act ended his phenomenal career—I have not mentioned a tithe of his outstanding reporting. The dreadful tragedy of it! Who, said John L. Lewis, standing at Paul Anderson's coffin, can measure the influence of his day-by-day labors for the purification of our public life? The pity of it is that there is no crusading journalist of quite his force and power left. Where is there another to take the lid off such an abominable travesty of justice as the Dies committee, as Paul Anderson was engaged in doing up to the very last? Equally serious is the steady disappearance of independent, fearless journals which desire a Paul Anderson and dare to find room for the truth that such a man digs up. If there are to be no publishers to grant absolute freedom to a pen as brave and as ruthless in exposure, we shall soon have not a man in the press to voice indignation at governmental wrong.

Since the whole story of the reason for this great loss to *The Nation* and to the entire press of the country has been set forth with crass brutality, I venture to touch on it. He was not the only brilliant newspaperman to be destroyed by drink. In my long writing career I have seen one after another disappear. It is always the same story—long hours, overwork, irregular meals and habits, years of wholly inadequate sleep, the need of more and more stimulation to keep going and of powerful drugs to produce the sleep outraged nature was given no chance to supply. I have no desire to write a homily on the evils of intemperance. But I should be recreant, indeed, if I did not point out how many brilliant men have been sacrificed to the newspaper pace that so often kills. It is through no fault of his friends or his employers that Paul Anderson's life is at an end. No one could have been more thoughtful, more forbearing than the managers of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*. But the loss is immeasurable—as needless as it is tragic.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

SILONE'S INTERIOR DIALOGUE

BY FRANZ HOELLERING

Professor Pickup (dressed in black, talks like a preacher. A vegetarian lion with cheesy-green teeth): Yes, I am the well-known Professor Pickup. I need say no more, since you will certainly have read my books. No modest disclaimers, please. As an educated person you will certainly have read my books. You will therefore be aware that my system is called Neo-Sociology, in which I synthesize and supersede all previous theories about society and man. (Fundamentals of Neo-Sociology: Man is man and society is society. . . . America is America and can be nothing but America. . . . Truth is only truth if it is indisputable.)

Mr. W., the future dictator of the U. S. A. (former saxophonist in a San Francisco saloon, strong, simple-looking, with rings under his eyes, a sufferer from insomnia; he is traveling through Europe with his secret adviser, Professor Pickup, in order to learn from the dictators how to do the trick at home): My European tour has been extremely boring and tiresome. Its only practical result will be that when I get home there will be one more man on federal relief in the United States. I refer to my friend Professor Pickup here, whom I am going to fire.

Thomas the Cynic (informed political exile, expelled from one country after another, now living incognito in Zurich; is in the discouraging habit of calling even unpleasant things by their right names): It is true that there are democrats who realize the utter futility of such methods of government and propose an extension of the democratic principle to spheres of social life from which it has hitherto been excluded, by means of control over a part of private economy, for example. . . . But the application, even the most kid-gloved application, of control of private economy, when it has been tried in times of acute crisis, has hitherto invariably served only to bring social conflicts to a head, with results, even in the economic sphere, exactly opposite to what was hoped.

IGNAZIO SILONE'S newest work* consists of the record of the discussions in which these three characters indulge. To say it at once and without restraint, this book is the most convincing attack upon the dictatorships which has yet been made in modern literature. It is a work of classical dimensions. Wisdom, character, moral passion, humor, wit, deadly sarcasm, all these gifts are here mobilized to one end—to expose the true nature of fascism and its leaders. I have read many books which have had the same purpose: books of professorial researchers; the memoirs of journalists, which are often worth reading; the elegiac writings of defeated politicians. But all of them together do not give so much insight as the satirical dialogues which Silone has written for characters who have been made, through his art, typical of those we meet every day. One feels that Thomas the Cynic, his mouthpiece, has really freed himself "through the cool analysis of many bitter experiences, from the party dogmas, without, however, quenching the inner urge which led him as a youth toward the workers." In his sharp debates with the two Americans he hits again and again the true target. Even at problematic points where he fails one is thankful for the doubts provoked.

Mr. W., after he has talked with all the philosophers, politicians, and poets into whose company Professor Pickup has dragged him, propounds one simple question: What should I do to become dictator of America? Pickup has been duped by fascist propaganda and all the pseudo-scientific phrase-making in Europe; he has mistaken for actual principles the advertising copy which the fascists have concocted in order to put over their robberies. The Cynic and the reader have a very good time with him. Mr. W. is a man to be taken more seriously. He knows exactly what he wants—power. Power at any cost, without scruple or doubt. The Cynic is able to congratulate him. This "will to power" is the only thing which is indispensable to an aspirant to dictatorship. The discussion proceeds step by step from "some characteristic marks of the future dictator," which Mr. W. happily enough possesses—artistic ambitions which have been thwarted, desire for self-expression, inadaptability to ordinary life—to the question of the proposed dictator's party, of how it will have to be organized with the help of the lowest street rowdies and without the assistance of the intellectuals, and then to the peculiar conditions which have made it possible for such shining examples as Hitler and Mussolini to succeed. In this admirable chapter the Cynic—no one except his knowing friends "can understand why he still remains a Socialist"—gives a critical analysis of the Socialist defeat and of the undeveloped phase in which he sees Marxism caught since its creation. Everyone interested in social phenomena and contemporary history should read this chapter and think it over in an honest spirit of self-criticism.

Other chapters of extraordinarily motivated satire deal with the temptations which the prospective dictators

*"The School for Dictators." By Ignazio Silone. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

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must guard against. No programs, no ideas, no formulas! Never relax the "will to power"! Never attack before you are sure of the army and police! Never compromise with friends, kill them! Each of these admonitions the Cynic shows to be well-founded by examples from Hitler and Mussolini. Always the Cynic backs his argument with an abundance of material.

Silone understands fascism as a substitute for socialism. "The working-class parties had shown themselves incapable of achieving power, and the old democratic leaders were no longer capable of holding it. Since nature abhors a vacuum, society was forced to create a substitute —fascism." It is obvious that this thesis is quite the opposite of the comfortable equation for escapists, put forward by F. A. Voigt, among others, that socialism and fascism are different manifestations of the same secular religion; or of Dorothy Thompson's newest discovery, that Trotsky's theory of permanent revolution is identical with Hitler's "dynamism." Nevertheless, Silone's explanation seems to me not much more than a plastic image. Fascism functions in favor of the economic status quo, in an acknowledged system of exploitation. Even its state-capitalistic actions may still be interpreted as more or less temporary war measures; they are looked upon as such by the French and English ruling classes, and will be copied more and more by them.

The composition of "The School for Dictators" equals in mastery the wide structure of Silone's great novels. Through his short and shrewd characterizations and his imaginative use of the Swiss landscape and its people he gives the impact of reality to a book of abstract discussion, much as the writer of a psychological novel creates the outside world by the use of economic and political facts. Stories, delightful as the one of Papua, who collects the taboos of the white man, historic excursions, and quotations arranged in dramatic staccato break and intensify the suspense, which holds from the beginning to the end.

The "School for Dictators" should be acted over the radio, a medium to which the great dialogue lends itself in form, timeliness, and dramatic content.

Words for a Lullaby

BY BABETTE DEUTSCH

The thug is on the staircase,
The spy is on the roof,
And God lies in a cellar
For that is bullet-proof;
While kings play opera-bouffe.

The wars are not soon over
That tear the world apart,
And pile with dreadful droppings
Both shattered wall and heart,
To give fresh fires a start.

In vain to look for refuge.
Is it in vain to fight?
A few are born to courage,
Some few to earn delight,
Struggling to meet the night.

Yet children craving stories
Must hear before they sleep
Wonders enough to dream on,
Though men may want to weep.
Those tears will keep.

Afternoon in Downing Street

Place: 10 Downing Street.

Time: Four o'clock in the afternoon of 1938 A.M. (After Munich).

(Neville Chamberlain and Lord Halifax are sipping tea. Between them stands a globe which they twirl from time to time.)

Halifax: Well, what are we going to do about the Jews?

Chamberlain: Yes, the Jews. Terrible nuisance. Czechoslovakia was bad enough, but it's relatively easy to deal with Herr Hitler when he wants something. One simply gives it to him. But when he doesn't want something—like the Jews—what does one do then, my dear Halifax?

Halifax: After all democracy was only an idea. And there was Runciman. But the Jews—

Chamberlain (raising an umbrella which is attached to his chair, and leaning back under it): I always think better under an umbrella, you know. Sense of security and all that—

(There is a knock at the door and a Secretary, young, handsome, well dressed, enters. Halifax gives him a startled look.)

Secretary: The latest dispatches, sir. (Halifax follows him with his eyes as he bows and goes out.)

(Chamberlain and Halifax read the papers over each other's shoulders.)

Chamberlain: How dreadful! The extermination of the Jews has begun. But Hitler said they would be allowed to become criminals first.

Halifax (vigorously twirling the globe): We must do something. There's Australia—

Chamberlain (almost gaily): There's Canada, too, just disappearing round the curve. That's it. We'll send them to Halifax. (He smirks at his own joke.)

Halifax (smiling wryly): I still think Guiana would be a good idea, but those newspapermen ruined it by getting hold of an encyclopedia and finding out that it's full of snakes. As if snakes—

Chamberlain: They were just as bad about Tanganyika. I don't see what the tsetse fly has to do with the great humanitarian task of finding a refuge for the Jews. (He strikes an attitude and a bell rings.)

Halifax (slyly, twirling the globe): And then they dared to suggest that you'd give it back to Germany, Jews and all.

Chamberlain (letting down a black curtain attached to the outer edge of the umbrella): This light hurts my eyes. As if Herr Hitler would actually ask for Tanganyika.

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(They sip tea. A clock ticks. Halifax turns the globe.)

Halifax (not so slyly): I see Palestine.

(At this Chamberlain pulls his feet up and disappears completely.)

Halifax: Forgive me, old chap. I won't mention it again.

(Chamberlain lets his feet down again and puts his hands on his knees to keep them from trembling.)

Halifax (reassuringly): I really think Guiana is the best idea. (He continues to turn the globe.)

Chamberlain (eagerly): I have it. Do you see that little dot. It's an island. Pitcairn Island.

Halifax (excitedly): Where? I don't see it.

Chamberlain: There. (He touches it with a pencil point.) No one could object to that. I'm sure Herr Hitler would never want that. (He suddenly looks as if he were not *quite* sure and retreats behind his curtain.)

(The Secretary enters again with dispatches.)

Chamberlain (sticking his nose out): How dreadful. The extermination is half over. But Hitler said—

Halifax (decisively): Let's send them to Tanganyika and be done with it.

Chamberlain: If I thought Herr Hitler wouldn't want it. But what about Pitcairn? An island in the South Seas. It could be converted into a veritable garden.

Halifax: By the way, who does that secretary remind me of? Oh, of course, Anthony Eden.

Chamberlain (dreamily): Yes, a veritable Garden of Eden. We could call it the Garden of Anthony Eden.

Halifax (frowning): We could send him there, too.

Chamberlain: Now Halifax don't be cross. Considering that he doesn't disagree with us on any major point I think that Anthony has made quite a reputation for himself. Only an English gentleman could have done it. He makes me feel that the British ruling classes are almost as clever as the Americans say they are.

(The Secretary enters again. By this time three-quarters of the Jews have been exterminated.)

Chamberlain (firmly): I've thought it over and Pitcairn is the solution. (Less firmly) I'm sure that Hitler—

Halifax: Those newspapermen will be sure to say that it's too small.

Chamberlain (pouring himself another cup of tea): This is terrible, terrible.

Halifax: We must act. Let's settle them on Pitcairn.

(He pulls a bell rope. When the Secretary appears, he asks for an expert.)

Halifax (to the Expert): Tell me, how many angels was it that could dance on the point of an umbrell—I mean a pin.

The Expert (beaming and rubbing his hands): It is a controversy, sir, a very interesting controversy, that has never been absolutely settled, but the very best authorities—of course with certain outstanding exceptions—

(The Secretary enters again with new dispatches.)

Halifax (reading them): My God! The Jews are *all* exterminated. You may go. (The Expert departs.)

(Chamberlain throws back his curtain and lowers his umbrella. They look solemnly at each other for a moment. Then slow smiles of relief spread over their faces. The silence continues as Mr. Chamberlain reaches for another piece of peace.)

MARGARET MARSHALL

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Blast

BLAST AT BALLET. By Lincoln Kirstein. 637 Madison Avenue. $1.

SOMEBODY has said that the first real sign of the revolutionary temper in eighteenth-century France was not the events of 1789 but the quarrel which took place fifteen years before between the partisans of Gluck and Piccini on the question of how to compose operas. If that is true, then the effect of Mr. Kirstein's "Blast at Ballet" may be an indication of how near we are to revolution in America. For Mr. Kirstein has written a pamphlet, provocative and provoking, inspired and inspiring, on how to develop modern American ballet. In it he attacks capitalism and the managers, Russian and réchauffé traditions, most of the critics, all of the city audiences, and nearly every current superstition about art and dance in America.

That he is qualified to say his say, no one will deny. His critical history entitled "Dance" is standard. His work as cofounder and moving spirit of the American Ballet and the Ballet Caravan gives him the authority of practice, and his services to modernism as managing editor of *Hound and Horn* testify to his courage and farsightedness. For the present act of pamphleteering he should receive a Congressional medal. If American art is again to know moments of creative exaltation and sublimity, more people will have to feel about it as does Mr. Kirstein; they will have to forget their dignity and hiss in theaters and concert halls; they will have to revolt in thought and in print; they will have to risk being wrong, risk looking foolish and flushed over a dance movement, a chord progression, or a false note from whatever quarter it may come—musical, critical, scenic, or managerial. That is truly to be in the tradition of the "glorious boys" of 1830, the revolutionists before the Terror, and even before that, the Gluckists and Piccinists whose powdered wigs did not keep them from being hotheads in the cause of art. Snobbish complacency and mild approval of accepted values do not make a fit audience, any more than their counterparts—critical quackery and commercialism—can produce vigorous art.

These good old commonplaces of criticism have to be repeated *ad nauseam* until enough people who have always nodded perfunctory agreement suddenly get up as if galvanized from the rear and do something to show that the words are not a formula but a faith. Mr. Kirstein's pamphlet, I take it, with its battery of insulting comparisons, thundering scorn, and personal allusions, is designed to do just that.

How many people it will arouse I cannot say, for I am in agreement with every one of his fundamental points. But I have a strong suspicion that it will fail of its effect because, as a pamphlet, it is too obviously an inexpert performance. Mr. Kirstein rightly denounces lay dancers and lay plumbers, but being in this essay a pioneer or resuscitator of literary polemics, he is himself a lay pamphleteer. His piece is not built. There is strictly speaking no argument. The fundamental ideas—with which I still agree—have to be inferred or unearthed, buried as they are under a mass of facts, names, and allusions. Ambiguity sits in every corner, competing with bad grammar for the privilege of thwarting the reader. The writer has lived with his chaos so long that he easily finds his way in it: he has forgotten his task, which was to give the

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reader clues and signposts to make him see the complex relation of the American dance to economics, to managerial organization, and to cultural tradition—the three main points—as Kirstein sees them. I defy anyone not already sympathetic, not already prepared by European birth or familiarity with the names of 500 modernists of all kinds, to wade intelligently through the first dozen pages. And if that is so, who will be found to go on with the rest? Because there is no method, the author will be accounted mad—or rather, discounted—by those who should pay heed; whereas if he were really mad and superficially methodical, he might convince and stir to action.

The value of this document, in short, is that of a source-book. It contains brilliant and abundant ballet criticism; and the author's personal experiences, told with a mixed aggressiveness and nonchalance, constitute an important bit of modern art history. The analysis, moreover, of present-day critical jargon is both witty and true. The fact that Mr. Kirstein is guilty of what he condemns in others only proves him to be headlong and fallible. He inveighs against historian-critics, but he is one himself; he lays claim to being a realist, but he idealizes and confuses the *products* and the *quality* of former cultural centers. He is right, and hopelessly wrong; his prose is by turns excellent and deplorable; his polemical manner alternately superior and infamous. He has done a courageous but reckless act in publishing raw his notes for a future pamphlet of the greatest importance to American art.

JACQUES BARZUN

Union Through Invention

MARCH OF THE IRON MEN. By Roger Burlinghame. Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75.

THE social significance of invention has often been overshadowed by the over-romantic view of inventors which we owe to that school of biographers mainly intent on pointing an individualist moral. The fact that invention is seldom, if ever, the work of one man and that it can only come to fruition when the social soil is ready for it has generally been overlooked. This charge is not to be laid at Mr. Burlinghame's door. He is not neglectful of individual genius, but he subordinates it to his main theme of the social causes and effects of invention in America. As he says in his preface:

> I have tried to show first a picture of the groups of people whose every gregarious effort was thwarted by the savage continent which confronted them; next of the demand of those people for whatever inventions would aid them in the conquest of that continent; and then of how those inventions bred others of such force and magnitude that they established a pattern of union to which the people must finally conform.

We are now accustomed to think of ourselves as always in the van of mechanical progress, but for its first 150 years America lagged sadly behind Europe. Colonial America, outside the plantations, was essentially a land of isolated subsistence farmers. Craftsmanship had little chance to develop where every man was perforce jack of all trades. Organized large-scale production was impossible with abundant land making for chronic labor shortage. It was only when the

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FOUNTAIN PENS You can spend as much as $10 for a fountain pen but a good deal less than this will buy you the best in writing quality and durability. Based on technicians' tests, 25 brands of pens are rated. Three are "Best Buys," six are "Not Acceptable." Also included in this issue are reports on GLOVES, BLANKETS, JAMS and MARMALADES.

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Revolution cut off English supplies that manufacturing got a start, but this was largely lost again when peace reopened the ports and renewed the pull of the virgin West.

In the end, though, it was the advancing frontier that not only gave a stimulus to inventions but provided one of great significance—the Pennsylvania rifle, which Mr. Burlinghame finds largely responsible for the success of the Revolution. America, indeed, has always been predominant in the manufacture of firearms, a reflection not only of the dangers of pioneer life but of the individualistic spirit of the frontier. Moreover, as the author shows, from Eli Whitney's experiments in the standardization of rifle parts, as extended by Samuel Colt, there arose both the machine tool and mass production.

As the pioneers pushed westward, the urgent necessity for better communications spurred Yankee ingenuity. While Britain led the way in metallurgy and textile machinery, America concentrated on steamships, railroads, and the telegraph. Each invention led to another, and always the pace was forced by the scarcity of labor. By 1860 the United States was bound together by technological bonds more tightly than it knew. Union had ceased to be a political convenience; it had become an economic necessity.

Mr. Burlinghame has written a fascinating book. He has marshaled a huge volume of material into readable yet scholarly form; and he has not neglected his references. Quite apart from its appeal to the general reader, it will, I imagine, be eagerly seized on by alert history teachers seeking intelligent supplementary reading for their students.

KEITH HUTCHISON

Success Story

SPELLA HO. By H. E. Bates. Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

A REVIEWER sometimes wonders whether it is his own concern with social problems that makes so many novels seem symbolic. A few years ago "Spella Ho" would have been commented on merely as a good story. So it is, moreover, in the usual review journals today. But isn't "Spella Ho" more than this? Its hero, illiterate at the age of twenty, has known from childhood the difference between his poverty-stricken family and the grandeur of the great house, Spella Ho. He early decides against complete honesty. He is ugly, dirty, and driven by the will to succeed. Through several women and through his persistent vision of the great house and what it means, he rises—sinking several times in the process—to grandeur at the end when he has become the aged owner of Spella Ho. Moreover, he and his wife have brought to the little village of Castor in which he was born an industrial civilization of consummate ugliness. And the last person to confront him is a rather scatterbrained artist who tells him that his town is hideous, a blot on the landscape. The "power and the glory" are, after all, not really his. He is left to die alone in their dust, but he has been an agent of progress which will, in turn, become reactionary.

The book is very well written; both its characters and its situations are convincing. But from the first chapter on, Bruno appears to be a symbol of a rising class. The various women he meets are symbols, respectively, of the genteel white-collar slave, the nationalist, the lower middle class which joins with the proletarian to bring progress into the little village, and the idealist who, like most intellectuals in literature today, kills herself. The fashion in which suicide is committed is Victorian, but what of that? Our hero, once he becomes the owner of the great house—a record of the past—joins past with present. The lady artist who tells him his work is hideous states the position of the artist who feels that industrialism does not bring beauty.

Do I read all this into this novel? I doubt it. The novelist today, willy-nilly, good or bad (and Mr. Bates is a good novelist), uses symbols as characters. Nor is there anything very wrong with a character who is a symbol unless his symbolism overwhelms his humanity. Despite the fact that Bruno Stadbelt and his women are believable, they are not completely human in the sense of being rounded, rich characters. Bruno may be a little too unusual to be entirely typical, yet he is the thing that stalks us today, the appealing moronic proletarian groping toward the light. He reminds me very much of Hugh in "Poor White," save that his rise to power is less understandable than that of Sherwood Anderson's hero.

Why for once don't the novelists give us an intelligent worker? Why must we trace now, instead of the rise of a family to power, or its decline—two popular themes of the last fifteen years in fiction—the rise of an illiterate emotional proletarian to middle-classdom, through which, like "Miniver Cheevy," he becomes stuck fast in yesterday. "Spella Ho" is in a sense just another success story with an ironic ending. Moreover, one tires of heroes who see the light only through a variety of women (also symbolic). Can't any man go it alone?

Let me end where I began. Perhaps I have read too many books of social significance. Certainly Mr. Bates, choosing the abnormal rather than the normal, creates a dark and moving hero and gives him an unusual life. His book is well worth reading, for Mr. Bates is a first-rate novelist. Nevertheless, "Spella Ho" seems less novel than allegory, and, on the whole, less a work of art than others Mr. Bates has written.

EDA LOU WALTON

RECORDS

GAMUT has issued a notable volume (six records, $9) containing the first three of Bach's six sonatas for violin and clavier, played on the violin and harpsichord by Boris Schwarz and Alice Ehlers. No. 3 is one of Bach's finest works, which has long been in need of recording; and each of the other two has individual movements that are good. My own ears have no difficulty in accepting the sound of violin and piano in combination; and if I prefer violin and harpsichord for these sonatas it is because the works were conceived in the terms—for example, the sonorities—offered by violin and harpsichord, and are therefore to be heard as Bach conceived them only when they are re-created in those terms. Performances and recording of harpsichord, in this volume, are excellent; the violin is recorded a little shrill.

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On Victor's November list Toscanini's single ($2) of the Overture to "The Magic Flute" offers a characteristically beautiful performance recorded with a little shrillness; and Stokowski's single ($2) of "Invitation to the Dance" once more gives us a performance in which we may enjoy his extraordinary powers without being disturbed by his weaknesses. As for Koussevitzky's set of Sibelius's Fifth Symphony and "Pohjola's Daughter" (five records, $10)—works that are among the composer's best—it offers admirable performances, but in the older Victor set made by Kajanus is a performance of the symphony which at certain points I like even better. And the same is true of the recording: the one flaw in the old set is the fog that envelops the concluding measures of the first movement (third side), which are clear in the new set; otherwise the old recording is surprisingly good, and in the middle movement (fifth side) it has better balance and therefore greater clarity than the new one. Occasionally in the new version one is made aware of the superior quality of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; but one is aware in the old version of the excellence of the London Symphony.

For the rest, Goossens's set of the Suite from Rimsky-Korsakov's "Coq d'Or" (three records, $5) records an excellent performance by the London Symphony of some of the most delightful passages of the work, which will be even more delightful if you hear them with recollections of one of the stage presentations; Marian Anderson's singing of Bach's "Komm' süsser Tod" and a Handel Siciliana is very fine ($1.50); and those who like Busoni's re-creation for piano of Bach's great Chaconne for violin, as I do not, will find that Johana Harris's performance (two records, $3.50) is effective.

If you have wondered why only the first and second of Debussy's Nocturnes are played you need only listen to the third, "Sirènes," on the third and fourth records of Columbia's new set ($6). On the first record is what will remain the finest version of "Nuages" until Koussevitzky records it; on the second the Orchestre des Festivals Debussy under Inghelbrecht gives a good performance of "Fêtes," but one without the magic that can be achieved only by an orchestra like the Boston (under Koussevitzky) or the Philadelphia (under Stokowski).

Holst's "St. Paul's Suite" (two records, $2) is charming music well played by the Jacques String Orchestra, and well recorded except for a waver in pitch at the ends of two sides. Schubert's "Rosamunde" music (four records, $6) wants tenderness and warmth in performance, but what it gets from Harty with the Hallé Orchestra is efficiency with no nonsense. Roussel's Quartet Opus 45, well played by the Roths (three records, $5), is characteristically arid. Kullman's fine voice is afflicted by excessive vibrato in the Prize Song from "Die Meistersinger," but not in Lohengrin's Narrative on the reverse side of the record ($1.50). And finally, those who like Brahms's Waltzes Opus 39 and Ballade Opus 10 No. 1 will like Kitain's performances of them (three records, $5) (I prefer to believe that nobody likes Liszt's "Venezia e Napoli").

An exciting jazz record is Johnny Dodds's "Wild Man Blues" and "29th and Dearborn" (Decca), with a good clarinet solo by Dodds, but with extraordinary work on trumpet and guitar by players who are not named. Outstand-

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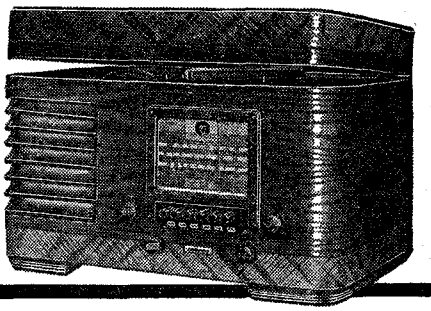

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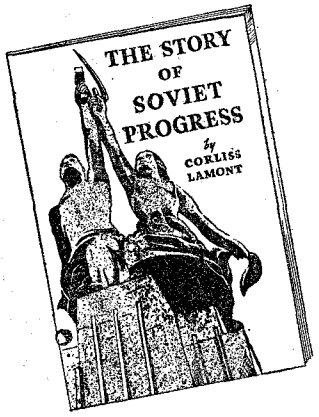

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ing also is the work of Buck Clayton and Lester Young of Basie's orchestra in "I Want a Little Girl" (Commodore Shop). And the "Bumble Bee Stomp" of Benny Goodman's Orchestra is one of the better Goodman records, with Stacey's ten-second contribution as its high point (I continue to wonder at the few opportunities this pianist gets to be heard in the Goodman performances).

Brunswick has reissued Beiderbecke's "Rhythm King" and "Somebody Stole My Gal"; and another Beiderbecke solo can be heard in the Wolverine Orchestra's "Riverboat Shuffle" reissued by the Hot Record Society, 303 Fifth Avenue, New York. A notable release by this organization is "One and Two Blues," sung by Bessie Smith with Joe Smith playing cornet and Buster Bailey clarinet.

B. H. HAGGIN

DRAMA

Holiday Suggestions

ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS. Plymouth Theater. Magnificent performance by Raymond Massey in Robert Sherwood's play. Many critics think it one of the finest works ever written for the American stage, and if it is not quite that it is at least an admirable attempt to present the life of a man who has gradually come to be accepted as first among our national heroes. Almost equally successful in achieving two purposes, it both presents the pathos of a great career and suggests the parallel between the problems which Lincoln faced and those of present-day democracy.

HAMLET. St. James Theater. Inevitably opinions differ as to the merits of Maurice Evans's "interpretation" of the part and as to the rank he as an individual should hold among the Hamlets of our time. Nearly everyone agrees that this production of the play as a whole is one of the most satisfactory we are likely to see. It is especially recommended to those who believe that Shakespeare is not interesting in the contemporary theater.

HELLZAPOPPIN. Winter Garden. Wild mixture of vaudeville and musical comedy, to which the title is highly appropriate. The actors spill off the stage into the auditorium and almost anything is likely to happen. A surprise success, and entertaining for those in the proper mood.

I MARRIED AN ANGEL. Shubert Theater. Smart musical comedy with a book based on a Hungarian play about the difficulties experienced by a gentleman who did exactly what the title indicates. It is extremely popular and regarded by its admirers as both delicate and sophisticated. To me it seems languid and anemic.

KISS THE BOYS GOODBY. Henry Miller's Theater. Noisy farce about a Southern belle who is lured to a Connecticut week-end party infested by Hollywood lunatics, cynical newspapermen, philandering husbands, and others who commit the oldest sins in the newest ways. By Clare Boothe, the author of last year's *succès de scandale,* "The Women." Like her previous play this one is supposed to

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exhibit a daring and devastating wit. Under its bludgeoning I was bloody but unwowed.

KNICKERBOCKER HOLIDAY. Ethel Barrymore Theater. Maxwell Anderson's libretto set to music by Kurt Weill. Neither the lyrics nor the tunes are at all in the tradition of the current smart musical shows, and it is not recommended to those so devoted to the methods of Cole Porter and the rest that they are sure to find Mr. Anderson's simpler low comedy and straightforward lyrics "unsophisticated." Others are likely to find, as I did, this hearty satiric treatment of Peter Stuyvesant as the original proponent of a totalitarian state in the New World not only funny but a welcome change. Kurt Weill's music is extremely pleasant, and there is a charming new ingenue named Jeanne Madden, as well as an admirable performance by Walter Huston in the title role.

LEAVE IT TO ME. Imperial Theater. Cole Porter at very nearly his best in a satiric revue which nevertheless borrows something of its spirit from "Of Thee I Sing." Victor Moore would break nearly anyone's heart as the bathtub manufacturer from Topeka who can't get himself recalled as ambassador to the Soviets. He is ably supported by William Gaxton and Sophie Tucker.

OSCAR WILDE. Fulton Theater. The English actor Robert Morley in one of the most remarkable impersonations I have ever seen. Even those who feel that they would rather not hear any more about Wilde are likely to find themselves absorbed by Mr. Morley's performance in this witty and well-constructed play.

PINS AND NEEDLES. Labor Stage. The second year of this amusing satiric review in which the members of the Garment Workers' Union make fun of themselves as well as of the capitalistic system.

ROCKET TO THE MOON. Belasco Theater. This play by Clifford Odets is hardly a contribution to the holiday season, but it is quite possibly his best work to date, which means that it is, in many respects, most extraordinarily effective. If the story of a disappointed dentist and his unsuccessful love affair with his youthful assistant has political significance, I do not know what that significance is; but here is certainly the sharpest dialogue and the most vivid characterization to be seen in any new play of the year.

SING OUT THE NEWS. Music Box Theater. Another satiric review but to me not the most successful of the crop.

THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE. Alvin Theater. Some of the plot of the "Comedy of Errors" used as the basis for a lively and funny musical comedy by Rodgers and Hart. It is not as different from some other reviews as you might think but has a fine score, some excellent dancing, and Jimmy Savo as one of the Dromios.

TOBACCO ROAD. Forrest Theater. There seem to be persons who have not seen this one. They should, but there is no hurry about it.

WHAT A LIFE. Biltmore Theater. Characteristic George Abbott farce and therefore funny. This one is about a high-school student who just can't help getting into trouble.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THEATRES

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Tied for Fourth Prize, the following seven contestants received $5 each: Mrs. Florence R. Molans, Johnstown, Pa.; Mr. William Kolar, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. S. D. Soskin, Ft. Worth, Texas; Miss Shirley Leonard, New York, N. Y.; Dr. Aaron Hirschenbaum, New York, N. Y.; Mr. Morris Cohen, Akron, Ohio; Miss Evelyn Ellenbogen, New Rochelle, N. Y.

THE ARTS

Hamilton Captures Jefferson?

WHAT Secretary of the Treasury, the "greatest since Alexander Hamilton," gave the nation his art collection? Who, therefore, chose the architect for the museum to house it? Right; and the architect for the Mellon museum, the late John Russell Pope, suddenly appeared as the architect, too, for the proposed Jefferson Memorial.

In the controversy that has since then raged about the proposed Jefferson Memorial, much has been said about the destruction of cherry trees along the Tidal Basin (made necessary by Pope's design), and about the merits of having a secretly appointed architect as against architectural competitions; but this little detail concerning the origin of the "Jefferson" design has somehow been overlooked.

Not only did the architect for the museum of Mellon, our neo-Hamilton, become the architect for the Jefferson Memorial as well, but there were striking similarities in the two designs: the two domes, planned to be seen in the same landscape, made Jefferson look like Hamilton's twin brother.

Further parallels were to be found in the technique of promotion. As Mellon's architect, Pope had felt justified in giving critics such as the Washington Fine Arts Commission rather summary handling; he and his advisers did more than that as architects for the Jefferson monument, which in three successive episodes was placed before the public as a *fait accompli,* public disapproval being treated merely as an annoyance that would blow over. The similar treatment in both cases sprang from a similar attitude, the attitude of "qualified experts" accustomed to serving the "rich and well-born," who always "know best."

Perhaps Mr. Roosevelt, on whose lap the problem rests at the moment, thinks that the neo-Hamiltonian origin and handling of this proposed—and perhaps disposed—Jefferson monument design is a mere accident and side issue, worth tolerating if it results in a beautiful structure. Perhaps, having been assured by the committee's architectural adviser that the "classic" is correctly "Jeffersonian," he has deluded himself into thinking that it is Hamilton who is being brought into camp. Let him use his own eyes! In the blind land of labels, Jefferson counts only as the instigator of a "revival" in a certain technical use of columns and classical "orders." That's what the labels say; but if, on the ground, you look at the public buildings erected in America under Jefferson's inspiration, and then compare them with the neo-classic battalions of columns brought to Washington by the John Russell Popes, you perceive that technical skill, intelligence, precision, and scholarliness have from time to time come in; but spontaneity, innovation, a certain direct if crude simplicity, the warm broad mantle of the democratic habit—these have gone out.

Mr. President, let's not have an Andy Mellon memorial to the great Jefferson. Let's throw the project of a memorial to Jefferson open, in the democratic, Jeffersonian way, to the people as a whole, as represented by *all* architects who believe that they have worthy ideas.

DOUGLAS HASKELL

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Letters to the Editors

Advertisement of Reaction

Dear Sirs: I received my copy of *The Nation* for December 3 today. Much that I read pleased me, as always. I am happy that your magazine takes the position it does on—say, the Munich affair, the Spanish war, and collective security. But on other subjects I sometimes feel a doubt as to the "rightness" of your stand.

You invite your readers to make gifts of *Nation* subscriptions with one breath, and with another you request them to supplement their reading with *Liberty*—an article by a "famous radical," forsooth, a "defender of Trotsky"! If the things that are happening in Spain and France today happen in the United States, such articles as the one you advertised will be the means by which they are brought to pass.

If your paper is going to lend itself to such purposes, even indirectly, it will not be providing the leadership that the people need, and that it prides itself upon furnishing.

MARGARET T. YATES

Old Park, Ill., December 3

Dear Sirs: A magazine's reputation inevitably lends a certain indorsement to the copy displayed in its advertising columns. The space should be considered open to all who can pay for it, of course, as any newspaper publisher will tell you at the top of his voice; unfortunately the effect noted above cannot be avoided. I wish, then, to protest, as a reader of *The Nation*, against the advertisement accepted from *Liberty*. That *The Nation* should spread the Macfadden creed seems to me to be deplorable.

A. C. HALL

New York, December 6

[The question raised by these letters is dealt with in an editorial paragraph on page 651.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

Glorifying Peace

Dear Sirs: The news of the world informs us every day of the progressive militarization of children in many nations. For a change, it is good to learn of the peace education that Swiss children receive.

I have just received a book jacket which the Zurich school authorities distribute among the pupils of the city's schools for the protection of the municipally owned schoolbooks. On the front cover are printed striking peace quotations from the writings of nine great men and woman: Martin Luther, Huldrych Zwingli, Heinrich Pestalozzi, Friedrich Schiller, Jeremias Gotthelf, Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach, Bertha von Suttner, Gerhart Hauptmann, and Pope Pius XI. The back page is given entirely to a quotation from "Victor Berger (an American social economist)."

ROSIKA SCHWIMMER

New York, December 7

No Word from Moscow

Dear Sirs: While Hearst, Hoover and the rest of the despised Liberty Leaguers have publicly denounced Nazi atrocities against the German Jews, not a word has come out of Moscow, much less a helping hand for the proletarian, non-capitalist refugees. Again, while the *Daily Worker* clamors for a boycott of German goods in the United States, nothing is said about stopping the flourishing German-Soviet trade. (*Current History* for June, 1938, reports that Soviet Russia is Germany's second-best customer.)

Isn't it about time for some of our Stalinist sympathizers to reevaluate their notions of the Soviet Union under its present leadership?

EDWARD GROVE

New York, November 22

A Jew in Italy

Dear Sirs: As an example of Italian persecution of Jews, let me mention the case of an Italian scholar of high renown, from whom I recently received a letter. "After forty years of ceaseless work," he wrote, "though I am by religion and actual faith a Roman Catholic, because I am of Jewish extraction I find suddenly that I am thrown out of my job and ruined." He was principal of a *liceo* and had just brought out beautifully commentated editions of both "The Divine Comedy" and Manzoni's "I Promessi Sposi." Now he is entirely without means of support, and the many books that he has written cannot be sold in Italy.

He is willing to do translations, editorial work, research, anything. Should any reader of this letter have a piece of work to be done by an expert scholar and littérateur in Italy, let him please communicate at once with me at the University of California.

RUDOLH ALTROCCHI

Berkeley, Cal., December 6

Labor's Neediest

Dear Sirs: Readers of *The Nation* have always shown a generous interest in the annual Christmas drive for labor's neediest cases. The 1938 drive which is now under way has set $25,000 as its goal.

During the thirteen years of its existence, the International Labor Defense has aided or supported 45,000 men, women, and children. The annual Christmas drive is one of the main sources of income for the Prisoners' Relief Fund upon which these courageous and uncomplaining people have learned to depend for some measure of comfort and security. Although the number varies, there are never fewer than 200 prisoners, widows, and orphans on the long-term relief list of the I. L. D.

The children of labor's prisoners look forward to Christmas gifts of toys, new clothing, new shoes. Their wives are depending on the Christmas check to meet their many needs. The men themselves look forward to their annual Christmas gift behind prison bars as one more reminder of labor's solidarity.

Since this year labor's neediest cases also include the political refugees from Nazi terror, we have decided to assign a percentage of our Christmas drive fund to these men and women.

Contributions may be sent to the drive headquarters, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York.

VITO MARCANTONIO

New York, December 8

Share-Croppers' Children

Dear Sirs: Share-croppers' children hardly know what toys are. An old sack may be made into a doll by some enterprising mother, or perhaps a barrel rim will be found for a hoop.

Each year Pioneer Youth collects toys for the children of some union group

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that is particularly up against it. This year the beet workers and share-croppers have been chosen. Educational work among their children is to be started, and the Christmas toys will help to launch the program.

Those of your readers interested in helping make a Christmas for share-cropper children are urged to make up packages of toys, clothes, and books and send them to the Christmas Toy Shop, care Cannery and Agricultural Workers, 1441 Welton Street, Denver, Colorado, or 1305 Fifteenth Street South, Birmingham, Alabama.

If packages are impracticable, checks may be sent to Pioneer Youth of America, 219 West Twenty-ninth Street, New York. AGNES SAILER, Director

New York, December 8

Kentucky Miners' Defense

Dear Sirs: Your readers do not need to be told about the frame-up of the four Harlan County union miners who are still serving life terms as a result of the infamous trials arising from the Battle of Evarts in 1931. The hearings before the La Follette committee and the revelations during the trials of the coal operators revealed the fury of Harlan's anti-labor forces. But I want to enlist your readers' aid in our drive to obtain pardons for these men this Christmas.

We have held two pardon hearings before Governor Chandler, the last in June, 1938, at which overwhelming evidence of intimidation and perjury was presented. We have also filed petitions from forty-six of the forty-seven surviving jurors and letters from two of the three trial judges asking for the release of the prisoners. But the Governor has not reached a decision.

It may help him to make up his mind if your readers will write or wire him at Frankfort, Kentucky, asking for immediate unconditional pardons. Contributions for the Christmas Pardon Fund can be sent to Kentucky Miners Defense, 75 Fifth Avenue, New York.

HERBERT MAHLER, Secretary-Treasurer, Kentucky Miners Defense

New York, December 8

Half for the Unhappy

Dear Sirs: Many of us believe Christmas has become so commercialized that its original meaning is in danger of being obliterated. The three Wise Men brought treasures in recognition of the Christ Spirit born into a decaying world, but they did not receive material gifts in return; they paid homage to a new world in the making. We who believe that a new world will be born out of the present darkness, desire to return to first principles, to strengthen the faith of the young people, and to make them aware of the true meaning of Christmas. We desire to simplify giving; knowing the total amount we can spend on Christmas gifts, we plan to cut this sum in half, and utilize the remainder for the urgent needs of unhappy people in this and other lands. How many of your readers will join us in this plan?

ALICE RAPHAEL ECKSTEIN

New York, December 9

Corroboration for Fischer

Dear Sirs: May I, in corroboration of a thesis that I elaborated in a recent article—that Hitler did not envisage, did not plan to wage, and was not prepared to conduct a general war on the issue of Czechoslovakia—quote these words from Winston Churchill in the London *Daily Telegraph* of December 1, 1938? "It is now known that during the late crisis Herr Hitler concentrated three-quarters of his armies against Czechoslovakia, and left on the French frontier, to guard his uncompleted defenses, a force far inferior to the French army. . . . Either Herr Hitler must be a desperate gambler or he must have felt pretty sure that he would be let alone to work his will on the Czech Republic."

Hitler was more than pretty sure. He was sure. LOUIS FISCHER

Paris, December 2

Goethe on the Germans

Dear Sirs: The greatest German, Goethe, in a letter to his son, wrote these prophetic words:

> Our men and women must on no account be led to imagine that Germanism is identified with Christianity and chivalry; for the former was extraneous to Germanism . . . and the latter, likewise a foreign product, is in many ways contradictory of the fundamental idea of German nationalism.

And in Faust, Part II, he put into the mouth of the Demon of War, these words:

> Oppose me not! No protestation!
> What difficulty baffles me?
> When round me trembles every nation,
> I know the thrill of ecstasy.
> Let crumbling realms on realms be scattered,
> I stand alone, supreme in power;
> Are bonds drawn closer, swift they're shattered
> I cut them loose in one short hour. . . .
> The earth is all one shuddering fear,
> I bid her rise, a new-born sphere!

Does this not sound like Nürnberg?

Here are Gothe's opinions of the Germans, in his own words:

> Germany is naught, but the individual German is much. Before the good that is in them and which would work toward the well-being of all nations, can be brought out, the Germans will have to be uprooted and dispersed the world over. . . . They have a bad habit of undoing their best work by inordinate demands . . . mediocrity is their native sphere. I am so sick of the imbecility at present displayed in every department that even in their distress the Germans strike me as ludicrous. . . . Though the Germans are not materialistic in tendency, it is none the less difficult to move them to an ideal end.

Finally, Goethe called war a disease in which the forces useful for recovery and health are dissipated in the service of something alien and abnormal. "Alien and abnormal"—what a prophet!

NATHAN E. HANDLER

New York, December 1

CONTRIBUTORS

WILLIAM C. KERNAN is rector of Trinity Episcopal Church of Bayonne, New Jersey.

ARTHUR PINCUS is a free-lance journalist who has traveled extensively in Latin America.

JAMES WECHSLER, formerly editor of the Columbia *Spectator* and the *Student Advocate*, is now on the staff of *The Nation*.

FRANZ HOELLERING was editor of the *Berliner Zeitung* until forced to take refuge in America. He is now film critic of *The Nation*.

JACQUES BARZUN, assistant professor of history at Columbia University, has just completed a book on "Culture in the Democracy."

EDA LOU WALTON, poet and crtic, is associate professor of English at Washington Square College, New York University.

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